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The Critic

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SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894

"The Sapphic Secret"

THE LIGHT AND IRRESPONSIBLE skirmisher or raider in the field of criticism may generally be known by the random shots he lets off here and there at great names—at the men he doesn't like. He does not feel equal to a direct assault upon them, so he lets fly an arrow now and then as he hovers about their flank or rear. I have been guilty of this thing myself and know how ashamed it makes one feel, when, in some wiser mood, one looks back over his performance. It is a weakness characteristic of Mr. Maurice Thompson. This light archer rarely denies himself the pleasure of a chance shot at certain great names in recent literature, or occasionally at names not so recent. In a paper in the *March Atlantic*, on "The Sapphic Secret," he goes out of his way to have his gibe at Whitman, Tolstoi and Ibsen. Their works are a "dirty wash of imitation." His special aversion, at all times, is Whitman. Indeed, the good gray poet seems to vex the soul of the Crawfordsville singer a good deal; his ghost will not down.

It is told of Emerson that a young college student once brought him an essay of his own upon Plato to read—an essay in which the student believed he had demolished the philosopher. When he came for his essay and for the comment, Emerson handed the paper back to him with the simple remark, "Young man, when you strike the King, you must strike him dead." One might say to Mr. Thompson, When you strike Whitman, you must slay him outright. These spiteful little stabs with a pocket-knife will not reach the vital parts of so large a man. If he were living he probably would not know he was being killed at all. What you or I happen to like or dislike is neither here nor there in criticism, but what we ought to like or dislike, what is worthy of our approval or disapproval, when we have risen to a comprehension of it and of the conditions out of which it sprang. One may not care for Ibsen or Tolstoi or Whitman, yet can there be any doubt that such men, such forces, are deeply grounded in reality, that they are here in the world in their own right, and that our first business with regard to them is to understand them and find what lesson or what joy they hold for us?

But I meant first to speak of the mistake the poets make in seeking the "Sapphic secret" in Sappho. Where did Sappho learn it? Where it is alone to be learned, from nature, in her own living heart and soul. Ah, this spell of the past, how seductive it is, even the past of one's own lifetime! How it defrauds and depletes the present, if we are not watchful. And such a past as we find in Greek literature, how it has drawn and enslaved and enervated sensitive, poetic souls like a kind of lotus-eating. Contrary to Mr. Thompson, I should say the most vital names in English literature show the least influence of the Greek genius. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson—how could the work of these men have been essentially other than it is had there never been any Greek poetry? Milton was largely under the spell of the classics, and under that spell he wrote, it is true, a little noble poetry—equal to the Greek, some think. But to-day, his grand epic, as a whole, is unreadable; it sounds like a solemn burlesque, and it is because its subject-matter had no relation to what is true and permanent in the world. The ghost of this same defunct classicism stood between Arnold and everything he wrote in verse, and checked and chilled his inspiration. He saw nature and life through the longing and regret inspired by a bygone and alien civilization.

It is not a "dead civilization," Mr. Thompson, not even that of Greece, that the poet of to-day is to "key his song-score in unison with," but a living civilization, our civiliza-

tion. A body of poetry keyed to Hellenic ideals would not be ours; it would be radically false, as most of such poetry in English literature is, because it would not contain that which Renan wisely said was the main matter in works of art—namely, the breath of a living humanity.

Indeed, there are moods in which one is tempted to say that all the time the poets have spent studying the Greeks, pondering over them, absorbing them, seeking the secret of their charm, has been to them, as poets, worse than time thrown away, because it has led them away from their own day and land, and into imitating the Greeks; it has blinded them to the very conditions under which the Greek poetry and all other first-class poetry has been produced, viz., fidelity to the hour and opportunity that now is, to the spirit that now rules. Who were the Greeks that the Greeks studied and imitated? They studied life and reality; we study them, and thus fall forever below them. When our poets are as true to our own day and land as they were to theirs or a Shakespeare or Dante was to his, maybe we will make poems, too. Great poetry never comes second-hand. "Poems distilled from other poems pass away."

English literature has many poems said to be written in the spirit of the Greek. Why were they not written in the best British spirit or in the spirit that ruled the world in their day? Simply because the writers were inadequate; they were not men enough, or else they were seduced and led away by the charm of the Greek bards. If it be said that the national spirit of Milton's time, or of Shelley's time, or of Swinburne's time, was unworthy, then let the poet make it worthy; this shall be the test of his credentials; let him reinforce it with the nobility of his own soul. If he cannot, then it is he who is unworthy. Was the Greek spirit worthy till their poets made it so? Was there ever such a fickle, lying, unmanly people? If not the wisest, certainly "the brightest, meanest of mankind." But there never was a time in the history of the English race, when the deep-down, formative spirit that animated it was not worthy of reproduction in poetry and art; or when the world-spirit, the *Zeit-Geist*, was not ample to match the monumental works of the past. What has been lacking has been the men, the great, audacious souls to seize and voice this spirit. The three men at whom Mr. Thompson has his little fling, as guilty of a "dirty wash of imitation," Whitman, Ibsen and Tolstoi, are undoubtedly the men of the latter half of our century who have been least given to imitation and have been truest to the best impulses and tendencies amid which they lived. Of Ibsen's work I only speak from hearsay, but all of us have read the great Russian, and some of us have read and still read Whitman. Tolstoi is a great world-figure. He lifts up and ennoble the Russian nature and makes it of permanent interest to all mankind. He, with a "dirty wash of imitation!" One is reminded of the story of President Lincoln wishing to know where the whiskey which Gen. Grant won his victories on could be had. Would not Mr. Thompson in his heart be glad if he could do a little of this "Anna Karenina" sort of imitation? I know some of his readers would if he would not.

As for Whitman, opinion will no doubt long be divided about him. Let me quote the word of an expert upon the phase of the subject Mr. Thompson discusses. "Walt Whitman," says John Addington Symonds, a man deeply read in all literature, "is more truly Greek than any other man of modern times." In what way, then, is Whitman Greek according to this expert? "Not by trying to reproduce their modes of life and feeling, but by approximating to their free and fearless attitude of mind," by being "self-regulated by a law of perfect health," "at one

with nature and therefore Greek." In other words, Whitman is Greek in the sense that he has ignored the Greek and has taken his place in his own day and land as joyously and fearlessly as did the bards of Athens. He is modern and alive and forgets the past in his absorption of the present. True, the Greek was natural, but Mr. Thompson seems to make the mistake of thinking that therefore Nature is Greek. Nature is the universal; she is all things to all men; she is the now and the here just before us; she is American, she is French, Spanish, English, Egyptian. Health, sanity, proportion, imagination, sympathy, love, are not Greek—they are universal. We have had ample manifestation of these things in the old literatures; what we want now, and what many think we have in Whitman, is a fresh manifestation of them in American literature—a manifestation through the modern democratic spirit, making use of the material supplied by our national and individual life and conditions of time and place. A remark of Goethe to Eckermann fortifies one in these views as to the source of true literary inspiration. "People always talk of the study of the ancients," says the great German, "but what does that mean, except that it says, turn your attention to the real world, and try to express it, for that is what the ancients did when they were alive." It has been said, and I think justly, that Mr. Howells is the most vital figure in our literature at the present time; and it is because he has turned his attention upon the real world about him and tried to portray that. One may wish he were richer in temperament, that he had a greater fund of sympathy, etc., but that is not to question his art or his inspiration. He is attempting the right thing, the most worthy thing, however distasteful his results may be to the mind enervated and betwaddled by this classic opium-eating. The first honors always belong to him who can deal competently, masterfully with the types and forces of his own day and generation.

If we would bring fresh blood into literature we must go to the *un-literary*—to the unbreathed air of real things. That which lies back of our literature, back of our civilization, is rude, unsophisticated nature, and the pressing need in an artificial age like ours is always a readjustment of our relation to these forces and a freer inlet for them.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Literature

"In the Wake of Columbus"

By Frederick A. Ober. D. Lothrop Co.

MR. OBER was the Special Commissioner sent by the World's Columbian Exposition to the West Indies, with the twofold object of securing a good representation of the products of that region at the Fair, and of following, at the same time, the traces of Columbus, and "searching out every spot and relic of the discovery." It was not his first visit to these islands for scientific purposes. In 1879 he gave to the world an unpretentious but interesting and fairly well-written volume, entitled "Camps in the Caribbees," in which he described his exploration of the "Lesser Antilles," made in 1876 and the following year, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, "with the especial object of bringing to light the ornithological treasures" of that group.

Since this public mission, as it might fairly be styled, had been performed—judging from the appendix to that work—with very creditable success, and as it had brought him into the region of some of the most interesting discoveries of Columbus, there was the best reason for supposing that, both as a scientific collector and as an experienced traveller and explorer, he would do credit to the choice of the Directors. It is fair to add that in the results of his labors they seem to have had no cause for disappointment. In both departments of his charge he has worked evidently with industry and good success. If he had had the prudence to submit his narrative to some judicious friend, he might have been saved from the reproach of having made, in some respects, an ill return for the confidence reposed in him. Mr. Ober is afflicted, apparently, with one of those temperaments

which will not bear elevation. He was not now, as on his former trip, the mere agent of a scientific society. Besides being a Commissioner of the World's Fair, the most important public undertaking of the time, he was also a representative of the American Government, bearing from the State Department, then under Mr. Blaine, credentials addressed to the American Consuls throughout the West Indies. He had himself consular rank, with the right of displaying the American flag on his residences, and of treating directly with the highest foreign officials of the countries which he visited. The result is marked in an egotistical and flippant style, taking the place of the unassuming narrative of his earlier book. It is still more unpleasantly noticeable in the severe judgments which he delivers upon the authorities by whom, in his capacity of United States representative, he was courteously received and assisted; and it is not less disagreeably conspicuous in his harsh and groundless invective directed against the illustrious hero of discovery, in whose traces he was appointed to follow. From the officials of the British West Indies he received much attention and encouragement, which culminated in the fine Jamaican display at the Exposition. By way of a suitable return for these courtesies, he coolly informs his readers that "all these islands are suffering from the dry-rot of foreign domination." He assures us that whatever England may have been to her colonial possessions in the past, she is no longer necessary to them now. "More than that: she is a clog upon their progress, retarding their development, and draining their life-blood," and so on. He then passes to Cuba, where the Spanish authorities vied with the prominent native leaders in aiding him to carry out the objects of his commission. His gratitude and discretion are shown by his off-hand declaration that "oppression had reached the point where even the Spaniards in Cuba, comprising the majority of the merchants and shopkeepers, protested against the exactions, and in the air were ominous mutterings of insurrections and rebellion." But unfortunately, in his opinion, "little hope has Cuba of any successful uprising against the Spanish oppressor, who has all the forts filled with guns, and all the towns and cities filled with soldiers."

However indiscreet and unsuitable for a writer in his position these assertions may be, we might have more regard for them as statements of facts if it did not appear that in assailing Columbus he is utterly reckless of accuracy, and really seems never to have read a biography of the discoverer whose traces he was appointed to follow. If any facts in that biography are established by the consent of all authorities, it is that the Pinzons, by whose aid Columbus was enabled to undertake his first voyage, relied so far upon their sense of his obligations to them as to behave towards him in a scandalously improper manner—the one at the time of the discovery, and the other six years later,—and that this misbehavior was met by him with constant forbearance. Mr. Ober, however—apparently knowing nothing about the circumstances,—does not hesitate to say of the brothers that, "in truth, the deeds of the Genoese pale before their steady glow of sturdy independence. The needy adventurer whom they befriended, and who treated them so basely, forgetting their noble friendship after his success was won, has left no direct descendants; but the sturdy Pinzon stock still flourishes in the birthplace of its progenitors." If this senseless assertion respecting the failure of Columbus's posterity were correct (which it is not), it would merely place him in the same line with Shakespeare and Washington and many other illustrious personages; but this obvious reflection does not enter into Mr. Ober's philosophy. On many accounts it is to be regretted that a book of this injudicious character should appear under the name of a Commissioner of the all-welcoming World's Fair. The regret is mingled with surprise, because, as already suggested, the Directors, judging from his earlier work, had a right to expect that, if their representative should be impelled by literary ambition to publish an account of his proceedings, it would be something widely different from the present volume, and much better.

Two Great Commanders

1. *General Thomas*. By Henry Coppée, LL.D. 2. *General Scott*. By Gen. Marcus J. Wright. D. Appleton & Co.

THE MOST DESIRABLE reputation for a distinguished man to leave behind him is one which increases in brilliancy with the passing years. That of Gen. George H. Thomas for all the qualities of perfect manhood has long been recognized, and as the events of the Civil War crystallize under the influence of time and the decay of sectional prejudice, his reputation as a great commander grows brighter than ever. A biographical sketch of Gen. Thomas (1) cannot be made as interesting to general readers as would have been possible had his personal character been different. He belonged to a quiet and retired family, and was so uncommonly reticent that little can be ascertained about his early life. Almost all that is known of his youth is what has been gathered from his classmates at the Military Academy. His biographer's most careful search fails to reveal a humorous side to the character of Thomas, but it does not appear that there was anything forbidding in his personality. Perhaps no general in either army was more admired and loved. Having received a painful wound in an Indian skirmish on August 26, 1860, Thomas—then a Major—was granted leave of absence for a year. On his way home, he twisted his spine in jumping from a railway train, and for some time despaired of ever again being fit for active service. He therefore wrote a letter in regard to the position of Commandant of Cadets at the Virginia Military Institute—a very desirable opening for him in case of enforced retirement from the Army. This action was misconstrued by many, and in connection with his Southern birth caused doubt of his loyalty among the Washington authorities, which was only increased when Col. A. S. Johnston, Lieut.-Col. Robert E. Lee and Major W. J. Hardee, all of his own regiment, resigned their commissions to enter the Confederate service. But for these facts, the recognized ability of Thomas would have insured his advancement to high command at the very beginning of the War. In his admirable biography, Dr. Coppée neither praises fulsomely nor seeks to enhance his hero's reputation by sneering at the deeds of others. Mill Springs, Stone's River, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, the Atlantic campaign and Nashville conclusively prove the greatness of Gen. Thomas as a commander, and his uniform success is sufficient refutation of the charge that he was too slow.

One of the most interesting volumes of the Great Commanders Series is Gen. Marcus J. Wright's biography of Gen. Scott (2), whose intimate connection with all the important events of his country's history for a period of more than fifty years makes the story of his life, in the necessarily condensed form in which it has had to be given, a mere summary of brilliant deeds. Gen. Scott's title to military fame rests on his campaigns in two great wars, in the last of which he commanded the sons of the soldiers whom he had trained and led in the first. The brilliancy of his Mexican campaign, from the landing at Vera Cruz to the capture of the City of Mexico, is unsurpassed in history. But it was not only as a soldier that his genius was shown. He was frequently called upon by his Government to act in emergencies where the services of a skilled diplomat were required, and his admirable measures for the civil administration of conquered Mexico are sufficient evidence of great ability as a statesman. In spite of this, his political opponents contended that, being in all essentials but a military man, he was not fit to be intrusted with the exalted office of President. The author has rightly considered it unnecessary to animadvert on the action of the President in relieving Gen. Scott from command and ordering him before a Court of Inquiry at the end of his campaign in Mexico. It is only necessary to give the bare facts, where the injustice is so apparent, that merely to read of it will cause the true American to blush with shame and indignation. Had Gen. Scott done nothing else to entitle him to the admiration and gratitude of the

American soldier, he would ever be affectionately remembered as the founder of the Soldiers' Home. For the purpose of establishing such a home, or army asylum, as it was at first called, he sent a draft for one hundred thousand dollars, a part of the tribute levied on the City of Mexico, for the benefit of the Army, endorsed "The Bank of America will place the within amount to the credit of the Army Asylum, subject to the order of Congress." A number of entertaining anecdotes illustrative of Scott's character are given, and there is a description of that last scene of the veteran's life of active service, when the President and his Cabinet proceeded in a body to Scott's residence, and the President read the order placing the General on the retired list of the Army.

"History of the Christian Church"

By Dr. Wilhelm Moeller. Translated by Andrew Rutherford, B.D. Vol. II. Macmillan & Co.

THE life of Europe in the centuries between the reign of Constantine the Great and the death of Charles the Fifth deserves the particular attention of the student of social evolution. It is in these ages that we discover the nearer causes of the great modern movements in religion, philosophy and politics. Secular Communism, Christian Science, Mormonism, metaphysical Monism, Spiritism, Theosophy, in a word, all sorts of vagaries, are to be found in the seething cauldron of mediæval society. For a long time the influence of Protestantism made it customary to disparage all that concerned this great period of a thousand years, and in especial to decry the literature which is the source of our knowledge of that thought and life. People in professorial chairs laughed loftily at the scholastics, often without having opened a single one of their works. Therefore many of the attempts made to write histories of the Middle Ages were valueless. Modern students of mediæval history are in danger of thinking those centuries more full of events and of significance than our own times. The history of the Middle Ages is most of all the history of the Church, for in those days everything had an ecclesiastical or a religious bearing. To compress into one volume an account of a millenium, that is something more than an outline, would be impossible. The next best object to attempt, is to make the outline a complete one. In this latter purpose Dr. William Moeller has succeeded beyond any other we could name. The second volume of his "History of the Christian Church" has just been translated by Andrew Rutherford, B.D., who translated also the first.

This volume begins where the other left off, with 600 A.D., and goes down to the sixteenth century. As a ground-plan for the study of the period it is not excelled, but, notwithstanding the employment of several sizes of type, the pages are crowded, and it is hard to find one's way. The tone of the work is candid and philosophical, and its learning nothing less than encyclopædic. It is especially rich in information concerning the movements of the thought and life of the people. We know of no account so complete and comprehensive, of the thousand political and religious sects and fanaticisms of the time. From every point-of-view, theological, philosophical, psychological, political and sociological, the book is certainly of exceptional interest. The translator has put us under too heavy obligations to find much fault with him; still, we could wish that he, with many other English writers, would not persist in putting *only, even*, and some other adverbs in the wrong place. Also, we should have been glad of a better index, for the one provided is not worthy of the book. Some trifling inconsistencies inevitably get into a work with so many details as this. Quedlinburg, p. 212, is Quedlimbourg on p. 135; and, by the way, it did not get into the index under either of these names, nor yet under that of Quetlingen, its name before the days of Henry the Fowler. One more criticism: if the translator had added to the lists of the books of reference, which are almost exclusively German and inaccessible, the works of English and French writers, he would have en-

hanced the value of his book. The monumental works of the English historians deserve better than to be ignored; and think of a treatment of "Averroism" (indexed wrongly 423, it should be 432), without an allusion to Renan's "Averroès et l'Averroïsme"!

On a Doge's Farm

Days Spent on a Doge's Farm. By Margaret Symonds. The Century Co.

ISAAC D'ISRAELI remarked that "the attar of an author's roses is always in his preface." There one finds the quintessence of the whole matter, it may be in briefest form, it may be in most concentrated expression. Miss Symonds's preface is a tender little threnody, linking her book with the memory of her father, the accomplished John Addington Symonds, whose devotion to Italy, like Carlyle's to Germany and Byron's to Greece, was lifelong. From her early youth Miss Symonds accompanied her father on his numerous trips to the Continent, and was reared in a family famous in many ways for its culture and refinement. One of the favorite sitting spots was Lombardy, where tall Italian towers rise out of rose-gardens and trellises of vine-embowered Medicean villas, and sluggish rivers coil between banks sixteen feet higher than the adjacent country. While her father was making his profound researches into art and literature, the young eyes of the daughter were opened wide on the beautiful landscape, the social conditions, the economic arrangements, the poetry and prose of the daily Lombard life, so picturesque in many of its details, so immemorably monotonous in its conservatism. She saw what the scholar did not see—the beauty and ugliness of actual life in Italy, the heart and soul of the common people with their convolutions of good and evil; she saw how the flowers grew and the fruit ripened and the grain was sown and the perennial *festa* came round to rejoice the simple *contadini*. This she was enabled to do through an English friend who had married a descendant of one of the Doges of Venice, the Countess Pisani, whose estates lay not far from Padua and Venice. Here for several summers Miss Symonds was privileged to spend delightful months, studying Italian peasant life as one would study some recondite subject at a German university for the degree of Philosophiæ Doctor—only with infinitely more poetical eyes.

Miss Symonds has inherited her father's rare poetic gift and writes prose as glowing and beautiful as he did in his early studies of Greece and Rome. We can recall but few books which evoke the vision of Italy so vividly as "Days on a Doge's Farm," "Corinne," "The Marble Faun," the poems of the Brownings, "Childe Harold," reproduce that charming land in its multiplicity of phases, and reproduce it masterfully; but Miss Symonds, without aspiring in the least to write a great book, has taken an humble subject and made of it a true Virgilian eclogue fit for the land of Virgil. She has taken a honeycomb and filled it with honey gathered under the slopes of the Alps. Under the title "Days Spent on a Doge's Farm," a complete picture of rural Italian life is sympathetically given by a close observer who does not hesitate to visit corn-fields and cattle-stalls as pertinaciously as *pergolas* and gardens where flourish tropic flowers and fruits. Studies of the kind Miss Symonds furnishes us are extremely valuable as supplying the foundations for more intimate knowledge of a rare and interesting race which, ever since Virgil, has cultivated artistic agriculture and landscape-gardening and countless other refining things connected with that vast *rus* which occupied at least as much attention in ancient times as the louder-mouthed *urbis*. Systematically she pursues these studies, throwing into such chapters as "The Making of the Doge's Farm," "Flowers of the Plain," "The Stables of the People," "Fishing," "Old Houses," "The Harvest," "Gleaning," and the like, a multitude of acute and enlightening observations gleaned from her summers at "Gromboolia" and her intercourse with its tenants. The evolution of a partial wilderness into a magnificent farm of three thousand acres under the direction of an intelligent

Englishwoman is no mean accomplishment, and the story of it, as told in this book, is full of interest and instruction. The charming illustrations and sketches of all sorts of objects, from utensils and oxen to views of Shelley's lovely Euganean Hills, render the text doubly attractive, and a thread of deep and delicate pathos running through it all perpetually reproduces Tennyson's lines on the dedication page:—

"O love, we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea!"

"The Partridge"

Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson; *Shooting*, by A. J. Stuart-Wortley; *Cookery*, by George Saintsbury. *Fur and Feather Series*. Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS BEAUTIFUL book, the first of a promised series of five volumes is, in one sense, not pleasant reading for an American. It brings to mind too forcibly the shameful fact, that not one of our many game-birds could be written about in the same charming manner. It is true that we have game-laws innumerable, but they are so generally disregarded that our ruffed grouse and bob-white are almost extinct in many localities where they should be abundant, and the Eastern form of the prairie-hen is confined to a bit of Martha's Vineyard. There are probably insuperable difficulties in this, our queerly governed country, in the way of effectually preserving our birds, unless, indeed, the value of wild-life be taught in our public schools. Mr. Macpherson's account of the life of the English partridge is a model essay in natural history. We are made thoroughly acquainted with the bird from the egg to adult life; so thoroughly acquainted, that, were the bird to be flushed at our feet, we should surely exclaim, "There goes a partridge!" Our quail, bob-white or ruffed grouse have really quite as interesting histories; but who has ever become so thoroughly familiar with these birds, and followed them so closely? Even Peter Kalm, who was sent to America in 1748 by the great Linnæus, regretted that these birds were becoming scarce from overshooting. It is strange that there are any left now, nearly one hundred and fifty years after. It is all a matter of good luck rather than good management.

The sport of shooting, in proper season, is given with a freshness of style that makes the non-sporting reader long at least for a tramp in the turnip-fields and along the hedges. What a wide difference, such shooting, from the indiscriminate slaughter common in our country! The subject of cooking a partridge is by no means treated here as if a few pages had been cut from a "cook-book" and pasted in. We even have glimpses of ancient history, in the concluding twenty pages, all pleasant reading; and we end with this brief extract:—"It cannot be too early or too firmly laid down that in the case of all game-birds * * * the simplest cookery is the best."

Fiction

"THE GREATER GLORY," Maarten Maartens's new novel, is a story of Dutch high life, of Court Charges, great nobles and the dimmed splendor of ancestry. "My books contain no allusions, covert or overt, to any real persons, living or dead," declares the author in an introductory note; and he continues that a search for coincidences in actuality after this statement "would be deliberately malicious." The reader who knows the country is, therefore, held to accept as accidental those passages in the story that seem to him more than dimly reminiscent, and to consider the casual reference to the Lossings of "God's Fool" at an interesting period in this story as a bit of artistic realism. Mr. Maartens has wrought well once more, though he has not dimmed the fame of "God's Fool," which still remains his best book. He knows Holland subjectively and objectively, for he has studied it both at home and abroad. Thus it is that he succeeds so well in making clear to foreign readers the manners and customs of the Dutch, their social conditions and peculiarities, and knows where to apply that deft touch he possesses, which elucidates in a few words what would seem to require pages. The story of the Count Rexelaer, who claims to be "van Deynum," of his high position at Court, and of the disappointment his son brought him, forms one side of the picture to which the real Rexelaers van Deynum form the contrast.

Those interested in the Dutch nobility and the strange fortunes of *roturiers* will find much of interest in the book besides its plot and characters. It abounds, of course, in Maarten Maartens's clever sayings, of which the following may fitly close this brief review:—"His socialism largely consisted in calling everyone a 'lady' or a 'gentleman'; with some people it takes that form." (D. Appleton & Co.)

THE STORY of the regeneration of a dipsomaniac, and of the sacrifice a woman made to keep him from ruin just as life was about to begin anew for him, is told in Mary Angela Dickens's "A Mere Cypher." The Mere Cypher is the little, faded, timid, brow-beaten wife of the doctor in whose house the dipsomaniac lived and recovered his judgment and health. All her life she had been snubbed and railed at, and when, for the first time, she was treated courteously, her heart responded to the new sensation, and she felt the gentleness and nobility of the young fellow who was trying to regain his moral foothold. A firm friendship sprang up between them, and when, later in his life, he entered with enthusiasm into some philanthropic schemes, she became, as far as her limited intelligence would permit, his staunch supporter. It was at this time that her husband, wanting money, accused the hero of the death of a companion, which occurred when he was in the asylum, and which, on the doctor's false representation, would have convicted him of murder. The poor little Cypher roused herself to action and made a modern Judith of herself. She, believing in her husband's infinite power for evil, killed him by doubling his sleeping draught, and so saved the future peace and happiness of the only being who had ever brought a gleam of light into her dull life. As a mitigation of the gloom of the situation, the author permits the poor woman to die in prison; but the story is one of long contemplation of sin and suffering, unrelieved by any touch of humor or any boast of lightness. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. GRANT ALLEN is fond of taking the vagaries of madmen for the subjects of his novels. "Michael's Crag" turns on the delusion of a Cornish gentleman of ancient lineage, that he is no less a personage than the Archangel Michael. The ancient possessions of his family include numerous tors, cliffs and pinnacles sacred to St. Michael, who, as adversary of the Prince of the Air, is held to be fond of high places. So Michael Trevennock, when on leave from the Victualing Department of the Navy, runs down to Cornwall and rambles about the ancestral domain, now fallen into the hands of the unlucky Tyrrels, descendants of the man who killed King William Rufus. A young Tyrrel, yielding to the family doom, accidentally kills Trevennock's son by dislodging some stones from the top of a cliff, and by the same mischance causes the contusion of the brain that brings on the father's insanity. A daughter remains to Trevennock, for whose sake he is led to keep his malady under constraint. Young Tyrrel falls in love with the girl, but, recognizing her indifference to him, and her father's not unnatural dislike, he surrenders her willingly to a friend, a young South American engineer, named Le Neve. He even bribes a successful rival to withdraw from competition and give Le Neve a chance at a big job, which enables him to marry Miss Trevennock. But, meanwhile, her father's madness grows more serious; he takes it into his head that Tyrrel is the enemy of mankind, and that he is commissioned, as of old, to fight and conquer him; the admiralty business takes him down to Cornwall; a blockade on the railroad causes him to leave the train, and he ascends by night one of the numerous tors, dedicated, as he believes, to himself, to find the Evil One lying in wait for him in the shape of a wild ram. Beast and madman fight, and both fall over the cliff and are killed. Numerous clever illustrations in silhouette, by Francis Carruthers Gould and Alec Carruthers Gould, diversify almost every page. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

TO ALL PERSONS who have the megrims, who are in sickness or suspense, who have to wait in a doctor's office or take a railway journey, and to those others belonging to the leisure class who do not read to kill time, but because they like it, we would recommend a certain slender little book in the Unknown Library called "A Study in Temptations," by John Oliver Hobbes. The mention of this author's name will recall the other volumes, "Some Emotions and a Moral" and "The Sinner's Comedy," contributed to the same series. They will be an instant guarantee of pleasure as insidious as good wine, and more artistic than a play. We say this wittingly, for, if dramatic, epigrammatic, brilliant in style and brief in matter, the writer of a piece of fiction has the advantage of the playwright. He speaks to his audience without the dangerous mediumship of a third person's interpretation. If he is perfect in his art, his success will be perfect. But he also labors under the disadvantage that his work is portable and can be carried about in the pocket, and brought forth and commanded to stand and deliver

amusement in the midst of any chilling environment, or in the most tyrannical mood of the reader, when the very grimaces of Grimaldi would fail to evoke a smile. It is with this possibility thoroughly in view, and with the certainty of assured success under any conditions, that we recommend the little book to whoever has a taste for the truths of life veiled under the pithy and tender humor of a woman of the world, related in the succinct style of one who only regards essentials, and who is informed with the latest intellectual fads that float about the atmosphere of London drawing-rooms like unattached nebulae. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—OTHER ISSUES IN the Unknown Library are "The Palimpsest," by Gilbert Augustin Thierry, "At the Threshold," by Laura Dearborn, and "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," by Tom Cobbleigh. "The Palimpsest" is an incident, told more or less dramatically, in the search for a manuscript, which ended in the death of the possessors, and in the complete disappearance of the palimpsest. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—"AT THE THRESHOLD" entirely departs from the general characteristics of this series, whose motive is usually to instruct the reader on the frailties and failings of human nature in a half-humorous way, at the same time that a hope of future perfectibility is being gently insinuated into his mind. This volume is one of those speculative attempts to pierce the mystery of the flight of the soul after death, accompanied by the ordinary amount of ennui that usually attends the reading of this kind of stories. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—"GENTLEMAN UPCOTT'S DAUGHTER" is a tale of English agricultural life in 1821, told with a quaint, old-fashioned style that is as racy of the soil as the Somersetshire dialect of the characters. It is a thoroughly delightful little tale, and the picture of Ruth adorned by her Sunday Leghorn hat, whose wide projecting brim was a taunting safe-guard against stolen kisses, tripping down to the style to tempt a certain bashful swain to make the dangerous attempt, is as dainty and charming a piece of work as an old lined yellow engraving. (Cassell Pub. Co.)

Theological Literature

THE tendency to free and untrammelled discussion of religious matters is daily receiving fresh and really valuable illustrations. An illustration of the sort we value most comes to us from some devout student of the Gospels. It is in the shape of a running account of the words and deeds of Jesus, related without close adherence to any received text or version of the New Testament. The narrative is continuous, after the manner of a Gospel harmony, and the comments form a constituent part of the story. We are referring to "The King and the Kingdom, a Study of the Four Gospels," in Three Series. The independence shown in these volumes will provoke severe criticism in some quarters, especially from conservative members of the Church of England, who, Uzzah-like, will doubtless thrust forth their hands to save the Ark of God from falling. The anonymous author must expect that, for he does not spare his own criticism of the formalism and superstition of the rank and file of the Established Church, and we feel quite sure that he is a member, if not even a minister, of the same. For the rest, this is a work intended for the average reader, and capable of being understood by the ordinary intellect. We believe that the Christian student will find it worth his while to make himself acquainted with the contents of these three volumes. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A NEW EDITION of Dr. H. Clay Trumbull's "Blood Covenant a Primitive Rite, and Its Bearings on Scripture," furnishes an opportunity to call attention to the important bearing of the argument of this work on fundamental religious ideas. It has been a universal opinion of primitive peoples that blood is the seat of life and the vehicle of its transference. Out of this belief has arisen a vast body of curious custom and folk-lore, which, in its turn, has developed into myths, legends and theological dogmas. After showing how primitive men seek to establish the closest of human relationships by means of mingling their blood through tasting, drinking, or transfusion of their own or substituted and representative blood, Dr. Trumbull proceeds to show the bearing of these facts upon Christian doctrine. The first thing to remark about this work is, that, when it first appeared in 1885, it was, so far as we know, the first theological work of our day to apply scientifically comparative religion to the study of Christian doctrine. This was nothing less than revolutionary, but, if we are to judge from the words of his reviewers and the several eminent theologians cited in the "Critical Estimates," the general tendency and inevitable results to some orthodox dogmas, if Dr. Trumbull's positions be accepted, remained hidden from the eyes of his readers. If the purpose and significance of ancient sacrifices be union with the divine nature rather than propitiation of divine wrath, if the red cord, the scarlet wool, the red hand, the affusion seven times told before the Hebrew *capporeth*, commonly called the "mercy-seat," symbolized blood-sharing rather than placation or compensation, then some of the fundamental notions of popular Christianity will have to be

abandoned. The acceptance of the author's views, and we do not see how any rational theological student can refuse to accept them, will throw a new light on Calvary, and give a new meaning to the chalice of the holy Eucharist. The second edition differs from the first in the addition of a supplement of upwards of thirty pages, which contain a quantity of fresh data demonstrating that the covenant union in sacrifice was symbolized in the eating of the victim rather than in the shedding of the blood, that in the heathen world the fundamental notion in sacrifice was sharing food with the gods, and not simply and solely the appeasement of their displeasure, and, finally, that the purposes which underlay the inter-transfusion of blood and its sacrificial shedding have always and everywhere been identical. "A 'covenant union' in sacrifice is an indefinite and ambiguous term. It may mean a covenant wrought by sacrifice, or a covenant union accompanied by sacrifice, or a covenant union exhibited in sacrifice. But, in whatever sense it is employed, the fact remains true, that, wherever a bloody offering is made in connection with sacrifice and with covenanting, it is the blood-drinking, blood-pouring or the blood-touching that represents the covenant-making; while eating the flesh of the victim, or the feast otherwise provided, represents the covenant-ratifying or the covenant-showing." Enough has been said to indicate the character and importance of Dr. Trumbull's work to those whose attention has not already been called to it. The second edition simply strengthens the position of the first by means of additional matter. (Philadelphia: John D. Wattles.)

THE LATEST VOLUME of the Expositor's Bible expounds the books "Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther." Prof. Walter F. Adeney is the author, and his exposition is along the lines of modern criticism. The book Ezra-Nehemiah, which modern scholars agree in treating as one, is assigned to a date later than B.C. 331, but it is regarded by Prof. Adeney as strictly historical and composed in the greater part of genuine records contemporary with the events chronicled. Esther, however, though revered by the Jews next to Torah, is pronounced an historical romance with some possible foundation in fact. Consequently, the book of Esther receives no extensive consideration from the author. The character of the exposition is mainly historical, though Prof. Adeney pauses from time to time to point out the moral aspects of the situations. On the whole we believe this volume to be a valuable contribution to exegetical literature. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)—"THOUGHTS ON God and Man" is the title given by Dr. J. B. Burroughs to a small volume of selections from the sermons of F. W. Robertson. They are brief paragraphs, arranged for daily reading, with Bible texts prefixed. The editor has probably made the best possible use of his material, yet one finds little here indicative of the brilliancy and eloquence with which the famous Brighton preacher is accredited. The thoughts are good and helpful, but without any special originality, though they may fit into certain moods of certain minds, and thus justify the labor of the compiler. (Hunt & Eaton.)

DR. GEORGE D. HERRON'S latest volume of sermons is entitled "The New Redemption; a Call to the Church to Reconstruct Society According to the Gospel of Christ." Dr. Herron is to our mind one of those children of Issachar, who have an understanding of the times, and know what Israel ought to do. It is certain that these times are making new demands of the Church, not that she should abandon or alter her faith, but that she should adjust her language and methods to the requirements of the modern world, and this she will be forced to do, if she is to fulfil her functions in relation to modern society. Her methods must be specifically applied to the solution of the problems of our day. We hail Dr. Herron as a prophet of the brighter future, a prophet who in the Church is preparing the way of the Lord, and we wish that his inspiring words may be heard by clergy and laity alike. These sermons deal with the Social Revolution, the Christian Doctrine of Property, the Coming Crucifixion, the Common Atonement and the Reality of Salvation. Dr. Herron has received grace to hate humbug, and he is a Christian teacher that the world needs. (T. V. Crowell & Co.)—THE REV. DR. GEORGE F. PENTECOST furnishes for the Sunday-school teacher of the year 1894 a handy volume of "Bible Studies." These illustrate the International Sunday-school Lessons, those of the first six months being on the Pentateuch, and those of the second half of the year on the life of Christ. The well-known characteristics, literary and theological, of this preacher, lawyer and socialistic agitator are manifest on every page. His manner of interpreting the Bible is that of the preacher who accepts the theology of the seventeenth century as that which is orthodox for all time to come. There are but slight traces of Hebrew scholarship in his comments on the Old Testament lessons, nor do those in the second part show profound acquaintance with the Greek Testament. Still, the book is exactly what those of the author's manner of thinking will want. The com-

ments are practical and full of unction, and the book is got up in exceedingly comfortable form. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

A RECENT WRITER has pointed out with much forcefulness that there are three ways by which men have sought to save themselves—ritualism, culture and law. Ritualism from time immemorial has been the method adopted by heathendom, and the results need no comment; if law could have served the purpose, imperial Rome would have been the most righteous nation of history; and the Greeks gave culture a trial more thorough than it is ever likely to obtain in our complex conditions of modern life. This sums up our criticism of the theories of Mr. Bernard Bosanquet in his volume on "The Civilization of Christendom, and Other Studies," in the Ethical Library. His gospel of secularism has been tried for ages, and has failed. The book contains, however, some clever and original reflections on the survival of the ancient culture of Greece and Rome in modern Christendom. His attempt to reconstruct the civilization of Christendom, so as to retain its blessings while doing away with its religion, is very like Frankenstein's attempt to build a man. The papers on social subjects partake of the same defect. The writer clearly finds himself uncertain as to what will be the result of his social plans should they ever be realized. The future of the secular program he sees to be beset with dangers, and he declares that we are now entering upon a new period of "Dark Ages." His effort to introduce conscience into the theory of culture, by asserting that there are right and wrong in feeling, is worthy of attention, though he does not go to the bottom of the matter; and his treatment of Individualism and Socialism is ingenious. Other questions of social science are discussed in a suggestive manner. (Macmillan & Co.)

"THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN THE WORLD" is the exactly descriptive title of a sheaf of sermons, twenty-five in number, gathered together by the Rev. Arthur Brooks, Rector of the Church of the Incarnation, New York. Almost every discourse deals with some phase of Christ's words, teaching or actions while he was upon the earth, the central idea being especially illustrated in the tenth sermon, which treats of "Jesus's Limitations, His Power and Glory." Some of the discourses, however, discuss very practically those commandments of the Lord in which he commends the study of the Scripture and of prayer. Other themes treat of his suffering, resurrection and ascension, the volume concluding very fitly with a discussion of the "Knowledge of a Triune God." These sermons are good illustrations of Gospel preaching; they are very simple, couched in the choicest language, and do not transgress the limits of correct taste, while every one of them is instinct with the author's deep sympathy with suffering and aspiring humanity. (Thomas Whitaker.)—"THE OLD TESTAMENT AND ITS CONTENTS," one of the handy booklets in the Guild and Bible Class Series, is from the pen of Prof. James Robertson, D.D., of the University of Glasgow. His ability to provide such a book is manifest from the fact that he is the author of the well-known work on "The Early Religion of Israel." Cautiously, but fairly and honestly, he has given the results of modern criticism in very condensed form. He has also reproduced the order of contents, not of the English Bible, but of the Old Testament in its Hebrew form. The language, though exceedingly compressed, is clear, and the little book suggests the well-known literary formula, "infinite riches in a little room." (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

MR. HERBERT WOLCOTT BOWEN sets forth, in an essay entitled "De Genere Humano," that there was a First Cause of the world, which, for want of a better name, we may as well call God, and that, after this Cause caused the world, he left it to go by itself. Therefore the progress and improvement of man, individual and collective, have been entirely unaided and by his own strength. This Mr. Bowen calls the doctrine of strength, and sets it over against the doctrine of weakness, which he considers mischievous. We presume that he is girding at that somewhat vague and never clearly explained theological theory of "grace." He is in part right, but it has also occurred to thoughtful minds that, in consideration of heredity, the cumulative effects of evil, and the universal tendency to degeneration, there may be in the world some force, other than human strength, which has kept it thus far from being sunken in a morass of moral and physical degradation. "That sweet soul, Pelagius," taught a theory of human strength which science as well as theology has discredited. The facts of human nature cannot always be stated with mathematical precision, and we come to learn that truth lies not always in the extremes of a syllogism, but often in some unsatisfying mean. (J. G. Cupples Co.)—A WHOLESOME reaction from the baldness of services in those churches which do not make use of the Book of Common Prayer is now in progress. The Rev. Reuben Thomas, D.D., of Brookline, Mass., is one of the many Congregational clergymen who are in

favor of enriching the devotional services of the churches, and of inviting the people to participate more freely in the public worship. To this end he has issued a neatly printed hand-book of "Devotional Services in Public Worship," in which are many prayers and forms of service. Like the store-house of the scribe instructed in the Kingdom of Heaven, and commended of Jesus, this book is full of things new and old. The introductory sentences, the Collects, the Beatitudes, the Commandments, Communion Service, Offertory, Baptism and other offices of Church order are set in language devotionally rhythmical. The book seems to provide a happy mean between a stereotyped liturgical service and purely extemporaneous utterance. (D. Lothrop Co.)

"JESUS AND MODERN LIFE" is the title affixed to a volume of sermons that were to have been named "The Teachings of Jesus," by the Pastor of the Church of the Unity in Boston. The Rev. Minot J. Savage has made a special study of what may be called the destructive criticism of the New Testament, and sets forth his conclusions with a dogmatic certainty not usually professed by scholars. For example, on page 19 we read that "John was written, nobody knows by whom, probably between the years 140 and 150 A.D.," and this after the recent discovery of "the Gospel of Peter," which practically reduced to rubbish whole libraries written to prove the very assertion so positively made here. The preacher is also absolutely certain that Jesus was born at Nazareth, although nearly every one of the reasons he gives to sustain his dogmatic assertion seems to the reviewer a tremendous *non sequitur*, despite his remark that this conception is "a commonplace of critical scholarship." Besides the author's preface, there is a commendatory introduction by Prof. C. H. Toy of Harvard Divinity School. When the author ceases to be the dogmatist and becomes the preacher, endeavoring to help his fellow-men in the problems of their daily life, he displays a warm sympathy and a notable power, and rises to eloquence. He sets forth clearly, grandly and with instant helpfulness, those teachings of Jesus which criticism can never disturb. He shows in what sense Jesus is a present leader and inspiration. To the folk called "orthodox," the volume will be of excellent service in showing how sadly medieval and modern Christianity have departed from the simple and sublime teachings of Jesus. (George H. Ellis.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

More of the "Ariel" Shakespeare.—The third instalment of the charming little "Ariel" edition of the plays has appeared, comprising "Antony and Cleopatra," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Julius Caesar," "King Lear" and "Romeo and Juliet," each in a single volume of the same style of print and binding as its predecessors in the series, which needs no commendation to those who have already become acquainted with it. No former "pocket" edition of the plays can compete with it.

Since the above has been put in type the fourth instalment of the edition has appeared, containing the following volumes:—"Taming of the Shrew," "All's Well that Ends Well," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Measure for Measure" and "Love's Labour's Lost." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The "Temple" Shakespeare.—Another miniature edition of the dramatist is announced which has some novel and commendable features. Each play will be complete in one pocketable volume, with text in black and red on hand-made paper, brief introduction and notes, and glossary in each volume. The editor will be Mr. Israel Gollancz, and the text and line-numbers those of the "Globe" edition—now the standard with scholars and critics. Mr. Walter Crane will design the title-pages, and each volume will have a photograph for frontispiece. The type will be bold and clear, and the binding will be in limp cloth, at 45 cents a volume, or roan at 60 cents. It promises to be the neatest and cheapest edition in compact form. I shall refer to it more in detail as the volumes appear. They are promised by the Macmillans at the rate of two a month.

Old and New Style Again.—I have received several letters from readers who do not understand why Prof. Dowden is not right concerning the difference between New and Old Style in reckoning dates of the sixteenth century. Some of them refer to the fact that the Russian calendar, which still conforms to Old Style, is said to be now twelve days wrong. "Why, then," it is asked, "should not we add that number of days to ancient dates to make them agree with our present almanac?" According to the Julian Calendar, introduced by Julius Cæsar, 46 B. C., the year was made to consist of 365 days, with the addition of one day

every fourth year. This arrangement assumed, of course, that the length of the solar year was 365½ days; but it is really 11 minutes and 10 seconds less than that. The accumulation of this little annual error amounted in 1582 to ten complete days, the vernal equinox then falling on the 11th instead of the 21st of March, as it did at the time of the Council of Nice, A. D. 325. On account of the disturbance thus caused in the date of Easter and other movable feasts, Pope Gregory XIII. determined to set the calendar right, and ordained that ten days should be deducted from the year 1582. This was done by reckoning the 5th of October as the 15th; and to prevent further trouble from the error which the mighty Julius had overlooked, it was also decreed that no hundredth year (1700, 1800, 1900, etc.) should be a leap-year unless divisible by 400; this exception to the exception to begin with the year 2000. Under this mode of reckoning, the error will not amount to a day in 5000 years, and its correction may safely be left to the men of that distant time.

Pope Gregory's amended calendar was soon adopted in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe; but the Lutherans of Germany, Switzerland and the Netherlands refused to accept it until 1700, when it had become necessary to omit eleven days instead of ten. Protestant England obstinately held out until 1751, when it was enacted in parliament that eleven days should be struck out of September, 1752, by calling the day after the 2d the 14th. Russia is now the only country that still adheres to the Old Style, and the almanac there, as already mentioned, is now twelve days behind ours, the year 1800 having been reckoned a leap-year in Russia but not elsewhere in the civilized world.

A change of only ten days is necessary in correcting Old Style dates of the sixteenth century because the calendar was then wrong only by that amount. As we have seen, it was set right at that time by a correction of ten days; and that corrected calendar having been adopted in England and being still in use, no further correction is necessary for dates of that period.

School-books and some other books lay down the rule that dates in Old Style are to be changed to New Style by the addition of ten days, but this is true only of dates between certain limits. Dates of the second century are not ten days wrong, nor of the seventh or the tenth. A calculation of the accumulated error is necessary in order to find the proper correction for different periods. As already explained, the ten days which sufficed to correct the calendar in 1582 had to be increased to eleven in correcting the English calendar in 1752. If the correction had been made some centuries before 1552, less than ten days would have been required.

Results of the Bacon-Shakespeare Discussion in The Arena.—I meant to have referred before this to the conclusion of the "Bacon-Shakespeare Case" in *The Arena*, a few months ago. The last instalments of "verdicts" included those of the Rev. M. J. Savage, Gen. M. J. Wright, L. L. Lawrence, Esq., W. E. Sheldon, Geo. M. Towle, Mary A. Livermore, the Hon. W. E. Russell, A. H. H. Dawson, A. B. Brown and Henry Irving, all of whom decide for Shakespeare. Mr. A. B. Brown, however, believes that the dramatist was "aided by occult forces," acting "with automatic control of the hand and entrancement of the individual."

As the results of the discussion are summed up by the editor, twenty-five jurors have rendered their verdicts; but the number is actually twenty-four, "L. L. Lawrence, Esq.," being, as I am informed, merely the "double" of another person who had already given his vote. Of these two dozen jurors, nineteen decide for Shakespeare; one (Mr. G. Kruell) votes for Bacon; two (the Rev. O. B. Frothingham and Frances E. Willard) believe in a "composite authorship"; and two (Prof. A. E. Dolbear and Mrs. Livermore) believe that Shakespeare did not write the plays, but are not convinced that Bacon did write them.

The Arena for November contained an excellent paper on the subject by the late Richard A. Proctor, who, though not one of the regular jurors, may fairly be counted as such, in place of the "alleged" Mr. Lawrence. He believes that anybody who can ascribe either the plays or the poems of William Shakespeare to Francis Bacon "might, with equal sense, be able to attribute the poems of Tennyson to Thomas Carlyle."

It is curious that neither of the two women on the "jury" gave a vote for Shakespeare.

The Lounger

IT IS PLEASANT TO FIND an optimist among the literary workers. As a rule, when writing on the subject of their profession, literary men tell you how badly paid it is, and that, if they had gone into any other business, they would have made a great deal more money; that cooks and prize-fighters are much better off in this world's goods than they are, and so on, to the end of the chapter. I have read most of the series running through *The Idler*.

called "My First Book," in which a number of well-known authors have told about their first ventures. A majority of these authors, in concluding their papers, tell of the hardships of literary life, of how underpaid it is, and sigh over lost time and small bank-accounts. A brilliant exception to this rule is Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch. He is a man with healthy ideas, who has grown up in the country and has not got saturated with the cynicism of the town. In concluding his article on "My First Book," he says:—"It is the rule, I find, to conclude such a confession as this with a paragraph or so in abuse of the literary calling,—to parade one's self before the youth of merry England as the Spartans paraded their drunken Helot,—to mourn the expense of energies that in any other profession would have fetched a nobler pecuniary return. I cannot do this; at any rate, I cannot do it yet. My calling ties me to no office-stool, makes me no one's slave, compels me to no action that my soul condemns. It sets me free from town-life, which I loathe, and allows me to breathe clean air, to exercise limbs as well as brain; to tread good turf, and wake up every morning to the sound and smell of the sea, and that wide prospect which to my eyes is the dearest on earth." All happiness must be purchased with a price, though people seldom recognize this; and part of the price is, that living thus, a man can never amass a fortune. But as it is extremely unlikely that I could have done this in any pursuit, I may claim to have the better of the bargain. Certain gentlemen who have preceded me in this series," concludes Mr. Couch, "have spoken of letters as of any ordinary, characteristic pursuit. Naturally, therefore, they report unfavorably. But they seem to me to prove the obvious. Literature has her own pains, her own rewards; and it scarcely needs demonstration that one who can only bring to these a bagman's estimate, had very much better be a bagman than an author."

I AGREE ENTIRELY with Mr. Quiller-Couch in this view of the case. The literary profession is more than overcrowded; and it seems to me that those who are not satisfied with its rewards had better try something else. If a man is an author, it is because he loves to write. A man is not a grocer because he loves to sell groceries, nor a tailor because he loves to sew, but simply because he thinks that selling groceries or making clothes is a good way of making money. He is not fascinated by his calling, but merely regards it as a means to an end, and that end is money. An author does not choose his profession for the money it will bring him, but because he loves to write; and if he makes a living, he has a reward that does not fall to the lot of the grocer or the tailor. I daresay that he ought to be better paid—we all ought to be, with the expense of living in these days; but he is as well-paid as circumstances permit. If he is a popular author and his books sell, he makes money; if he is not a popular author, and his books do not sell, he does not make money, which seems to me a natural consequence; and I do not know why the public or the publisher should be blamed. The public may have bad taste in not appreciating his work, and the publisher, if he were entirely a philanthropist, might pay the author at his own estimate of his abilities, rather than that of the general reader, but I do not think that this would be found a very successful way of doing business.

CERTAIN writers seem to think that, because they write, they should be well paid. Only the other day I was reading a story, in which the heroine was a young girl, just starting out to make her way in the world as a writer. She apparently had no ability in that line, but chose the profession of letters because she liked it, and because pen, ink and paper were cheaper than the equipment for any other business. She was not very well paid at first, and the author of the book takes the opportunity to read the public a little homily on the subject of authors and their pay, and speaks with much severity of the treatment of this profession. Because her heroine covered quires of paper with ink, the author thinks that she should be paid in proportion to the amount of work done, not, apparently, according to the quality of the work; all of which seems to me very absurd. And while I am sorry that literature is not a better-paid profession, I do not see what could be done to better it; and I quite agree with Mr. Quiller-Couch that it is its own reward. I have often said, and I repeat, that I would rather be a successful author than anything else, because of the perfect independence of the life that a successful author may lead. If I were beginning my life over again, and choosing a career, I should choose to be a successful author—and successful at the very beginning, instead of at the end of my career.

THE RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE Society of American Artists on Saturday last reminded me of the opening of the Salon. It was an event important in the social as well as the art world. "Everybody" was there. Several thousand people must have visited the

galleries during the afternoon. A committee of artists, among them Mr. Chase, Mr. Reid, Mr. Blashfield and Mr. Beckwith, stood around the entrance and "received." That is, they wore flowers in their buttonholes and tried to do the honors; but the crowd was too great for them to do much more than step aside to let it surge in and out. As for seeing the pictures, that was impossible. And then—the truth must be told,—the people were really more interested in seeing who was there, chatting with friends and pointing out the distinguished visitors. Literature was represented as well as art. There was Edward Eggleston towering above the crowd with his big shaggy head, which is not as shaggy as it used to be, however; and there was W. D. Howells, looking very mild and amiable for a man of his socialistic hallucinations; and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge and Mrs. Custer and E. L. Burlingame of *Scribner's*, Ripley Hitchcock of Appleton's, two or three of the Harpers, R. U. Johnson and A. W. Drake of *The Century*, and Hopkinson Smith, combining art and letters, and Clara Louise Kellogg for music, and for art—well, everybody for art was there—and for society—but it is not my function to chronicle the doings of society—I leave that to *The Critic's* humorous contemporary, *Life*. A very clever plan it was to fill the galleries so full that no one could see the pictures, for now every one of those several thousand invited guests will be obliged to go on one of the pay days for the real business of the exhibition, and so the Society will reap its reward.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME has done a good deal for the Society of American Artists. It always had the most interesting exhibitions, but now it has the most important. And those "young men" who were decried for their youth and its accompanying audacity—look at them now! Where is their youth to-day? The grey in their beards shows that they can no longer be scorned as "youngsters," and yet they do not in turn scorn originality as it was scorned in them before the tell-tale grey appeared. They are just as young in their hearts, just as appreciative of budding talent and just as enthusiastic in 1893 as they were when they came over from the studios of Paris and Munich in 1878 and took New York by storm. Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety.

THE FACE OF THE late Librarian of the Newberry Library was familiar in various cities, before he made Chicago his home. Wherever *The Critic* finds its way in this country, in all the larger towns, at least, there must be readers who have met or seen the accomplished scholar who has done (as Miss Monroe pointed out in her letter last week) such yeoman service to the cause of culture in Chicago. The portrait given herewith is reproduced from the Chicago *Tribune*.



THE BEST CRITICISM of a certain and popular class of American plays is that given by Mr. George Grossmith in his monologue. No amount of serious belaboring could show up the absurdity of the "Old Homestead" sort of drama as does his good-natured burlesque. The fun of it is that the burlesque is so slight. Mr. Grossmith is artist enough not to put his colors on with too coarse a brush. Anything funnier than the song about leaving the baby on the shore it would be hard to imagine, and yet it is only slightly exaggerated. The farm-hands of "The Old Homestead," who always turned out to be a quartet of trained singers ready to lift their voices at the most inopportune moment, were quite as absurd as Mr. Grossmith's take-off. He has mastered the gentle art of burlesque as very few humorists have, and it would be impossible even for those whom he "takes off" to be offended. Such entertainments as Mr. Grossmith gives go far towards cheering one up in these depressing times.

SAYS MR. WARD MCALLISTER:—"The French have a motto which we should adopt—'Lavez de linge sale chez vous'—which, literally translated, is, Keep your private affairs to yourself." The italics are mine.

MR. DEPEW is too busy a man to write for the magazines, and told the editor of *The Nineteenth Century* so. "You are not too busy on board ship," said the latter; "write an article on your way home." So the "Prospects of Free Trade in America" was written on a winter passage across the Atlantic, and the American edition of the February magazine, in which it was "starred," went out of print in a twinkling.

Spring Announcements of Books

IN ITS ISSUE of March 10 *The Critic* quoted from the *Tribune* the opinions expressed by the heads of several publishing-houses as to the influence of the financial depression upon the book-trade, and the prospects for the coming season. To these may be added the following.

Mr. Charles T. Dillingham of Chas. T. Dillingham & Co.:—"Generally speaking, the book trade is not much affected by general market conditions. Books are so cheap now that everybody can buy them. * * * The cheapness of the information and amusement afforded by books has made them a necessary of life. Even as luxuries they have a steady sale, because they are the cheapest luxuries to be had. * * * Last Christmas season * * * people who wished to economize bought books as presents for their friends. We have had a good, steady trade. Scholars who have wanted scientific and standard books have bought them. The people who read novels have bought them as usual. As to the outlook, there is no reason to fear any great danger to the book trade, if the tariff tinkering can be stopped and business men can make plans and contracts without fear of loss by legislative interference with the conditions of the market. The book trade is affected only indirectly by the changes in the tariff, but the sooner the whole thing is settled the better it will be for us and everybody else."

Mr. Frank H. Scott, President of the Century Co.:—"This company has been made aware of the hard times through slower collections, etc., but the number of publications has not been decreased, nor have the sales fallen off to any great extent. Preparations for the coming season are being made as if such a thing as hard times had never existed."

Mr. A. F. Houghton, New York member of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston:—"We deal in standard works, which are least liable to fluctuation. Our business is a steady one. Mr. Mifflin wrote to me last week that in the week before we had done the largest business, with the exception of a single week, that we have ever done."

Mr. George Haven Putnam of G. P. Putnam's Sons:—"The book-trade is influenced in some degree by the general depression of business. Collections are slow and the orders are, perhaps, somewhat less, particularly from the West. There is no business that I know of that is so much affected by sentiment as the retail book trade. The book-stores, particularly in the Western cities, are centres of gossip for the leading people of the place. The people buy books constantly, but when they all talk about the hard times and the gloomy outlook for business, the booksellers become alarmed and decide to send in smaller orders. There is not much actual falling-off in sales, but there is a fear that there will be. It is of the highest consequence that the Tariff bill at Washington should be quickly passed. It is uncertainty as to that, principally, which is frightening business men."

Mr. George P. Brett of Macmillan & Co.:—"Our trade has surely been as large this year as usual. Our trade in educational books has been at least as large as ever before. We have as many works in preparation as usual and anticipate no serious injury by reason of the hard times."

Books have ceased to be a luxury in this country, unless they be in fine bindings. Literature has become one of the necessities of our national daily life—a necessity that is felt in different forms in all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. The fact is recognized by all observers, among whom, of course, our tariff-makers at Washington do not belong. The testimony of all publishers points to the fact that standard works are in constant and undiminished demand, which signifies that even in hard times people of moderate means, who form the bulk of the book-buyers, are loth to interrupt the completion of their libraries. No one can afford, of course, to remain ignorant of current letters and art. Besides the pleasant intelligence that there is at least one branch of business that does not suffer from the general depression, the facts brought out by these interviews are encouraging as signs of the ever-spreading intellectual activity of the nation.

ALLYN & BACON

"Irving's Sketch-Book," edited by E. E. Wentworth; "From Milton to Tennyson," edited by L. D. Syle; "British and American Orations," edited by Prof. Bradley; "The Fables of Phædrus," edited by Prof. Drake; "The Lives of Cornelius Nepos,"

edited by Prof. Rolfe; "Elementary French Reader," edited by George W. Rollins; "Spanish in Spanish," by Prof. L. Duque; and "Theme-Writing," by Profs. Fletcher and Carpenter.

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON

The seventh series of the *Expositor's Bible*:—"The Epistle to the Romans," by the Rev. H. C. G. Moule; "The Second Book of Kings," by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar; "First and Second Books of Chronicles," by the Rev. Prof. Bennett; "The Book of Psalms," Vol. III., by the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D. D.; "Second Epistle to the Corinthians," by the Rev. James Denney, D. D.; and "The Book of Numbers," by the Rev. R. A. Watson, D. D. The Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren's Bible Class Expositions:—"Gospel of St. Matthew"; "Gospel of St. Mark"; "Gospel of St. Luke"; and "Gospel of St. John."

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS

"Countess Obernau," after the German by Julien Gordon, illustrated by James Fagan; "A Princess of the Stage," from the German of Nataly von Eschtruth, illustrated by James Fagan; and "A Lover from across the Sea," from the German of E. Werner, illustrated by Victor Perard.

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO.

"Life and Later Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew," with portrait and biographical sketch; "The Story of our Planet," by J. T. Bonney, D. Sc., etc.; "Portrait and Figure Painting," by Frank Fowler; "Plain Introductions to the Books of the Old and New Testaments," edited by the Rt. Rev. C. J. Ellicott, D.D.; "The Experimental Novel, and Other Essays," by Emile Zola, translated by Belle M. Sherman; "Lisbeth," by Leslie Keith; "A Fair Jewess," by B. L. Farjeon; "Cassell's Complete Pocket Guide to Europe," for 1894; "The Kingdom of God is Within You," by Tolstol, translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett; and "The Story of a Modern Woman," by Ella Hepworth-Dixon, who published under the pen-name of "Margaret Wynman" the well-known "My Flirtations."

ROBERT CLARKE & CO.

"Recollections of Life in Ohio, from 1813 to 1840," by William Cooper Howells, with an introduction by his son, William Dean Howells; "Judaism at the World's Parliament of Religions"; "Queen Moon and the Egyptian Sphinx," by Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon; and a reprint of "Key to the Hebrew-Egyptian Mystery in the Source of Measures, originating the British Inch and the Ancient Cubit," by J. Ralston Skinner.

THE F. A. DAVIS CO.

"The Physician's Wife, and the Things that Pertain to her Life," by Helen M. Firebaugh; and "An International System of Electro-Therapeutics," by Horatio R. Bigelow, M.D., both just published. In press and preparation, "Suggestive Therapeutics in Psychopathia Sexualis," by Dr. A. von Schrenck-Notzing, translated by Charles G. Chaddock, M.D.; "A Syllabus of Lectures on Human Embryology," by Walter Porter Manton, M.D.; "A Text-Book on Insanity," by Dr. R. von Krafft-Ebing, translated by Charles G. Chaddock, M.D.; "A Practice of Surgery," by John H. Packard, A.M., M.D.; and "Practical Gynaecology," by E. E. Montgomery, A.M., M.D.

HARPER & BROS.

"Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis," edited by Charles Eliot Norton, Vol. III.; "The Jewish Question, and the Mission of the Jews"; "The Science of the Earth," by Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D.; "A Short History of the English People," by John Richard Green, illustrated edition, Vol. IV.; "For Honor and Life," by William Westall; "The Expert Waitress," by Anne Frances Springstead; "Our English Cousins," by Richard Harding Davis; "The Wee Ones of Japan," by Mae St. John Bramhall, illustrated by C. D. Weldon; "A Child's History of Spain," by John Bonner; and "Life's Little Ironies," by Thomas Hardy.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

"An Island Garden," by Cella Thaxter; "Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us," by William Elliot Griffis, D.D.; "Does God Send Trouble?" by Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D.; "A Bird-Lover in the West," by Olive Thorne Miller; "Bayou Folk," by Kate Chopin; "Memoir Concerning the Seabury Commemoration, Held at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the Fourteenth Day of November, A.D., 1884," printed chiefly from a manuscript monograph introductory to a unique volume in the possession of George Shea; "A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Eu-

rope," edition for 1894; and "Zachary Phips," by Edwin Lassetter Bynner, in the Riverside Paper Series. These books will appear on March 24.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS

"Contes de Balzac," edited, with introduction and notes, by George McLean Harper, Ph.D., and Louis Eugene Livingood, A.B.; "Short Selections for Translating English into French," by Paul Bercy, B.L.L.D.; "Le Français par la Conversation," by Charles P. DuCrocquet; "The Table Game," by Hélène J. Roth, Part I.; "Conjugation of the French Verb"; "Conjugation of the Latin Verb"; and "The Foot of the Horse," by David Roberge.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

"The Primitive Church and the See of Peter," by the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A.; "Spiritual Law in the Natural World," by J. W. Thomas, F.I.C., F.C.S.; "Practicable Socialism: Essays on Social Reform," by the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Barnett, new edition; "Practical Reflections on Isaiah"; "Verba Verbi Dei"; "The History of Marriage, Jewish and Christian, in Relation to Divorce and Certain Forbidden Degrees," by the Rev. Herbert Mortimer Luckock, D.D.; a new volume in the Badminton Library, "Yachting," by the Earl of Pembroke, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, the Earl of Onslow, Lord Brassey, Lieut.-Col. Bucknill, Louis Herreshoff, G. L. Watson, E. F. Knight, the Rev. G. L. Blake, R.N., and G. C. Davies, with illustrations by R. T. Pritchett; four volumes in the Fur and Feather Series, "The Grouse," by A. J. Stuart-Wortley, the Rev. H. A. Macpherson and George Saintsbury; "The Pheasant," by A. J. Stuart-Wortley, the Rev. H. A. Macpherson and A. J. Innes Shand; "The Hare and the Rabbit," by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles; and "Wildfowl," by the Hon. John Scott-Montagu, M.P.; "From Edinburgh to the Antarctic," by W. G. Burn Murdoch; "Studies of Nature on the Coast of Arran," by George Milner, with illustrations by W. Noel Johnson; "On the Wallaby: a Book of Travel and Adventure," by Guy Boothby; "The Oracles Mentioned by Papias of Hierapolis: a Contribution to the Criticism of the New Testament"; "The Letters of Harriet Countess Granville, 1810-45," edited by the Hon. F. Leveson-Gower; "Memorials of St. James's Palace," by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, M.A.; "Micro-Organisms in Water: their Significance, Identification and Removal," by Prof. and Mrs. Percy Frankland; "Papers and Notes on the Glacial Geology of Great Britain and Ireland," by the late Prof. Henry Carvill Lewis, M.A., F.G.S.; "Law and Theory in Chemistry," by Douglas Carnegie; "Shakespeare Studies, and Other Essays," by Thomas Spencer Baynes, LL.D.; "The Idylls of Theocritus," translated into English Verse by James Henry Halard; "The Outlines of Quaternions," by Lieut.-Col. H. W. L. Hime; "Further Recollections of a Busy Life," by J. Kersley Fowler; "Papers and Addresses on Work and Wages," by Lord Brassey; "The Cock Lane Ghost and Common Sense," by Andrew Lang; "Ban and Arrière Ban: a Rally of Fugitive Rhymes," by Andrew Lang; "A History of Trade-Unionism," by Sidney and Beatrice Webb; "Under the Red Rose," by Stanley J. Weyman, illustrated by R. Caton Woodville; "Sharps and Flats: a Complete Revelation of the Secrets of Cheating at Games of Chance and Skill," by John Nevil Maskelyne; "The Thing that hath Been; or, A Young Man's Mistakes," by A. H. Gilkes, M.A.; "The Elements of Music," by T. H. Bertenshaw, being Part I. of Longman's Music Course; "The Camel: its Uses and Management," by Major Arthur Glyn Leonard; "Doreen: the Story of a Singer," by Edna Lyall; and "The Amateur Telescopicist's Handbook," by Frank M. Gibson.

LOVELL, CORYELL & CO.

"How Like a Woman," by Florence Marryat; "Mr. Bailey-Martin," by Percy White; "The Parsifal of Richard Wagner," from the French of Maurice Kufferath; and "The Countess Radna," by William E. Norris.

MACMILLAN & CO.

"American Book-Plates," by Charles Dexter Allen; "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," edited by A. W. Pollard; "Village Sermons," second series, by R. W. Church, D.C.L.; "The Raiders," by S. R. Crockett; "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," a version in the Spenserian stanza, by George Musgrave, M.A., Part I., "The Inferno"; "Elements of Metaphysics," by Prof. Karl Deussen of Kiel; the remaining volumes of the new popular edition of the works of Charles Dickens; "Life in Ancient Egypt," by Adolf Erman; in the Ex-Libris series, Dürer's "Little Passion," and "The Decorative Illustration of Books," by Walter Crane; "Specimens of French Literature in the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries," edited by G. Eugène Fasnacht; "The Letters of Edward Fitzgerald," edited by W. Aldis Wright, new

edition; "Western Europe in the Fifth Century" and "Western Europe in the Eight Century," by E. A. Freeman; "The Life of Sir A. C. Ramsay," by Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S.; "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," by Alice Stopford Green; "The Way, The Truth, The Life: Lectures on Judaistic Christianity," and "Introductory Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and to the Ephesians," by the Rev. F. J. A. Hort; "Logic," by Prof. Williston S. Hough; "Criticism on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers," by Richard Holt Hutton, M.A.; "Social Evolution," by Benjamin Kidd; "The Principles of Psychology," by G. F. Stout, M.A.; "Dictionary of Political Economy," by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S., Vol. I.; "The Life of Henry Edward Manning," by Edmund Sheriden Purcell; the Cambridge Shakespeare, *édition de luxe*; "Oxford and Her Colleges," by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L.; "Sources of the Constitution of the United States," by the Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens; "Questions of the Day," by the Rev. David J. Vaughan, M.A.; "The Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson," by William Winter; "History of Anglo-Saxon Literature," by Richard P. Wülcker; and "Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology," by Prof. Wilhelm Wundt, translated from the German by J. E. Creighton and E. B. Titchener.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO.

"The Christian Society," by Prof. George D. Herron; "Foreign Missions after a Century," by the Rev. J. S. Dennis, D. D., second edition, exhaustively revised; "Samuel Chapman Armstrong," by R. C. Ogden; "Broken Bread for Serving Disciples," by Mr. and Mrs. George C. Needham; "A Memoir of Mary Mortimer," by Mrs. M. B. Norton; "Ecce Filius," by the Rev. J. O. Swinney; "Sunday-School Teaching," by J. R. Miller, D. D., and Robert C. Ogden; "Life-Power; or, Character, Culture and Conduct," by the Rev. A. T. Pierson; and, "James Gilmour and his Boys."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

"The Sherman Letters: a Correspondence between General William Tecumseh and Senator John Sherman"; "Recollections of a Virginian in the Mexican, Indian, and Civil Wars," by Gen. Dabney Herndon Maury, with introduction by Thomas Nelson Page; "Josiah Gilbert Holland," by Mrs. H. M. Plunkett; "The Pasquier Memoirs," Vol. II.; "On the Offensive," by George I. Putnam; "Beyond the Rockies," by Dr. Charles A. Stoddard; "Overheard in Arcady," by Robert Bridges; "According to Season," by Mrs. William Starr Dana; and "Salem Kittredge, and Other Stories," by Bliss Perry.

STONE & KIMBALL

In addition to the ten-volume edition of Poe, announced last week, "Essays in Modernity," by Francis Adams; "The Lower Slopes: Reminiscences of Excursions Round the Base of Helicon, Undertaken for the most Part in early Manhood," by Grant Allen, with a title-page by J. Illingworth; "Low Tide on Grand Pré," by Bliss Carman, second edition; "Plays," by John Davidson, with frontispiece and cover design by Aubrey Beardsley; "Prairie Folks," by Hamlin Garland, second edition, with frontispiece by H. T. Carpenter; "Poems," by Thomas Gordon Hake, edited by Mrs. Alice Meynell, with a portrait after a drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti; "When Hearts are Trumps: Verses," by Tom Hall, with illustrations and title-page by Will. H. Bradley; "The Quest of Heracles, and Other Poems," by Hugh McCulloch, Jr., with title-page by Pierre la Rose; "The Robb's Island Wreck, and Other Stories," by Lynn R. Meekins; "Poems of the Symbolists," translations from the French with an Essay on Symbolism, by Stuart Merrill; "A Lover's Diary: Sonnets in Sequence," by Gilbert Parker, with a frontispiece and cover design by Will. H. Low; "Sonnets, and Other Poems," by George Santayana; and "Lincoln's Grave," by Maurice Thompson, with a title-page by George H. Hallowell.

OTHER PUBLISHERS

Henry Altamus, Philadelphia: "The Fairest of the Fair," an account of her experiences at Chicago, last summer, by Miss Hildergarde Hawthorne, the daughter of Julian and the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

American Economic Association: "Progressive Taxation in Theory and Practice," by Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman, Ph. D.

Boericke & Tafel: "The Bee-Line Repertory," by Dr. Stacy Jones; and "The Truth about Homoeopathy," by the late Dr. W. H. Holcombe.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce "Social Reform and the Church,"

by Prof. John R. Commons, with an introduction by Prof. Ely; and "The Evidence of Salvation; or, The Direct Witness of the Spirit," by the Rev. Everett S. Stackpole, D.D.

Ginn & Co.: "Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Thomas Gray," edited, with introduction and notes, by William Lyon Phelps, A.M., Ph.D.; and "Tacitus, Dialogus de Oratoribus," edited by Charles E. Bennett.

D. C. Heath & Co. have in press a "Laboratory Course in Physiological Psychology," by Dr. E. C. Sanford.

The Jewish Publication Society of America announces "History of the Jews," by Prof. H. Graetz, Vol. III.: from the Completion of the Babylonian Talmud (500 C.E.) to the Banishment of the Jews from England (1290 C.E.); and "Papers of the Jewish Women's Congress," held at Chicago in connection with the World's Fair Parliament of Religions.

The Washington Pub. Co.: "The Show at Washington," a book on life at the National Capital, by L. A. Coolidge and J. B. Reynolds, Washington correspondents of the New York Recorder and the Boston Advertiser, respectively.

Charles L. Webster & Co. will publish in April "Joanna Traill, Spinster," by Miss Annie E. Holdsworth, who treats in this story the question of individual rescue work among fallen women, and presents a possible solution of the problem.

Thomas Whittaker will publish "Addresses to Workingmen," by Dean Hole, who, as announced in *The Critic*, will make a lecturing tour of this country in the fall.

The Fine Arts

The Exhibition of the Society of American Artists



OF THE THREE HUNDRED and odd paintings at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, at least two-thirds are deserving of particular notice—and therefore they cannot get it except from the lucky individuals who may buy them. They constitute a really enjoyable exhibition, and the only thing that troubles the visitor is that he cannot spend a day with each. Nevertheless, there are canvases that are below the standard which the Society can now afford to maintain, and therefore should maintain. If these were absent, the greater number might get a better share of attention.

Mr. Chase's fine "Portrait of Mrs. C." is, perhaps, the best work that has ever come from his easel. It is a full-length standing figure in white shawl and black silk dress against a brownish background. It is a very quiet picture, and there are many more striking things around it, but it has a suitable neighbor in Mr. Henry O. Walker's "The Singers," a delightful little painting of a boy and girl sing-



ing, which the jury has honored itself by selecting for the Shaw Fund prize. Other remarkable portraits are Mr. Carroll Beckwith's, of Mr. J. Murray Mitchell; Mr. William S. Kendall's, of "A Child," and Mr. J. Alden Weir's group of nurse and child, "Cora." These are all painted in a half-light, but there is no lack of attempts at painting the figure in full sunlight. Of these, Mr. Robert Reid's "A Bather" is the most successful. It is evidently inspired by Beaudouin, but Mr. Reid does not attempt to compete

with the Frenchman's brilliant but hazardous effects. Like him he omits a great deal, but he takes the comparatively safe course of working altogether in very pale tones. Hence his "Bather" and his figure and landscape in "Dog-Day Sunlight" look rather unsubstantial; but they are certainly pleasing, and convey in good measure the intended impression. Mr. Otto Bacher is less fortunate in his imitations of another Frenchman, M. Fourié, whose Bacchanalian "Printemps" will be remembered by visitors to the World's Fair. Mr. Bacher's young woman mottled over with green and blue reflected lights is not so realistic as are Fourié's figures, but she is even more discordant. Mr. Twachtman shows two excellent landscapes, "Winter," a cottage nearly buried in snow, and a "Waterfall."

Mr. Weir has apparently satisfied himself that he can work to better purpose in his old manner than in the luminarist way. If not, his view of "The Willimantic Thread Factory" ought to convince him. The work is as refreshing in treatment as it is novel in subject, and surely much may be expected of a man who can see the sort of beauty that is peculiar to such a place, and paint it. The spacious foreground, which Mr. Henry George would tax into immediate utility, abandoned by farmers and not yet taken up by speculative builders, might tempt any painter to have a try at it; but how many would have seen that the long white factory on the hill was as fine as an Italian palace? And how many could have handled the scene in such a broad and impressive way? There is real afternoon sunlight in Mr. Coffin's "Early Evening, Somerset Valley," and a curious glamour of color about Mr. Hardie's "Lady of the Nineteenth Century."

Art Notes

ABOUT a dozen paintings of Dutch scenery, by W. B. Tholen, are on exhibition at the Avery galleries. Mr. Tholen is a Dutch artist, but his method is not Dutch—that is to say, his handling of color is bolder and clearer, with a use of sharper contrasts, than is found in the modern Dutch painters. His work does not lose by this; on the contrary, it demonstrates that Dutch landscape does not necessarily require softness of outline and color, but can be handled with brilliancy and sharpness of contour. The exhibition is interesting, and vindicates the artist's right to the many medals he has carried away from exhibitions in different parts of Europe.

—The exhibition of the Tiffany Chapel for the benefit of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children will be continued until March 24.

—A combined exhibition of paintings by Mr. Alexander Harrison and Japanese prints from Mr. Bing's collection is open at the American Art Galleries. Mr. Harrison's paintings are mostly marines and studies of the nude, and include many good things in both genres. "En Arcadie," "Crépuscule," belonging to the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington, "A Summer Idyl" and a number of marine views from Newport are among the most interesting pictures. The exhibition of prints should be of great interest to all who care about the possibilities of color-printing, for no more artistic work has ever been done in that way than that produced by the "popular school" of Japanese artists. There is but one example of the founder of the school, Moronobu; several, but mostly small, of the Torii family, Harunobu, Outamaro, Hokusai and other later artists are well represented.

Music

Mr. Courtlandt Palmer

NEW YORK was justly interested in Mr. Courtlandt Palmer's concert, in the Madison Square Concert Hall, on Thursday, March 1. Mr. Palmer, who has grown up among us—a pianist

for love of music and the instrument on which he plays,—was heard by an audience in entire sympathy with him. The cordial and sincere applause which rewarded his efforts showed that he was able to excite enthusiasm. Our future American school of music will be a romantic school, and Mr. Palmer's instinct is in this direction. He has improved much during the last two years; he exhibits a good deal of execution, a showy style and a pleasing quality of sentiment. Still, it would be most unfair to predict the status of the future artist from the development reached to-day.



Between his present technique and that of the great virtuoso lie years of practice. Much personal experience must come between original musical conception and his present ideas of interpretation and phrasing. Moreover, he has not yet learned how to produce his tone. This is probably less his fault than that of his teachers. There is a certain lack in his touch that suggests too much attention to modern passage-playing and too little communion with Bach. The element that seems wanting to entire artistic success in Mr. Palmer's present musical development comes usually as a result of long training in public piano-playing. The language of music, when addressed to a large public assembly, requires the same concentration of energy, judicious gradation of force, skill in projecting and directing the tone, and in the application of accent and climax, that articulate oratory demands under similar conditions. It is the habitual pressure which the public makes upon an orator that condenses his expression, obliges sincerity, and forces his strength into effective uses. This it is which separates the amateur from the artist. If Mr. Palmer will become a great artist he must subject himself to the strains, the sufferings, the desperate fears and disappointments that are the inseparable companions of his art. He must seek to make the language of his piano clear, concise, strong and manly—must flee all temptations to "fine playing," and try with his whole strength to find the noblest and truest things to say. When he can make plain folk listen to and understand him, he will be ready to deliver his message—perhaps (and we should like to have it so) the message of American music.

Mr. Lang on Byron

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have not happened to come across Mr. Andrew Lang's criticism of *The Quarterly Review's* "eulogy of Byron's poetry" (see your issue of March 3). This I regret, as I am a warm admirer of Mr. Lang's genius, and always read what he writes with interest and pleasure. In the present instance, judging from your excerpts, the pleasure would be somewhat dampened by the fear that he had done injustice both to Byron and to himself. The couplet quoted from "The Giaour" astonished me not a little. It reads:—

"A moment checked his whirling speed,
A moment breathed him from his steed."

My edition of Byron dates from 1856, sixteen years earlier than the article in *The Quarterly Review*. In that edition the lines read:—

"A moment checked his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed."

Here the meaning is clear enough. Possibly the lines as quoted by the eulogist may have been from an earlier edition, which the author subsequently corrected. If so, it is a matter for surprise that so careful a student of literature as Mr. Lang should have overlooked the correction.

In the other couplet quoted, the obscurity arises chiefly from the italicising of the conjunction "that," converting it apparently into a demonstrative pronoun, which was surely not intended. It must be admitted, however, that either Byron himself or his printer (according to my edition) appears to have been responsible for this misleading typography. In plain Roman type the meaning seems sufficiently clear:—

"Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt
So full, that feeling seemed almost unfelt."

That is, Medora's heart was so filled with love for Conrad that it left her almost incapable of any other feeling. There is perhaps an excess of hyperbole in the poet's expression here, and too near an approach to what the Italians would call a *concelto*, but nothing which should have been perplexing to a brother poet.

Mr. Lang is both a poet and a classical scholar of no mean rank. In this twofold capacity he should have had no difficulty in discerning the sense of the passage quoted from Childe Harold's famous "apostrophe to the ocean," though to a non-classical reader it may well seem obscure. As Byron's earlier writings show, he left Harrow and Cambridge with his mind full of classical associations. Two of these, born of semi-barbarous superstitions connected with the spirits or "shades" of the departed, are familiar to all scholars. One of them supposed that the angry ghosts of warriors "untimely slain" might be soothed by the slaughter of their enemies. The other held that the spirits of the *unburied* dead always linger near their mortal remains. The first of these beliefs is alluded to in the well-known lines of "The Siege of Corinth":—

"If shades by carnage be appeased,
Patroclus' spirit was less pleased
Than his, Minotti's son, who died
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide."

The other idea explains what was meant by the "man's own shadow," the latter word being evidently here used (in connection

with "man") as equivalent to "shade." To bring out fully the grounds of this interpretation, it is only necessary, in repeating the quotation, to italicize two words besides those which Mr. Lang has so distinguished:—

"The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined and unknown."

This use of the word "shadow" in two acceptations, literal and metaphorical, in one sentence, is a genuine Byronic turn. There is a notable instance in two lines of a near-following verse. Recalling eminent empires, "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage," the poet exclaims:—

"Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since,"

A CANADIAN.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

It strikes me that there is no obscurity, nor anything else objectionable, in the passages quoted by Mr. Lang from Byron and re-quoted in *The Critic*. "A moment breathed him from his steed" means simply "rested himself a moment from riding." "Breathe," both transitive and intransitive, is familiar in the sense of "rest"; and the use of the personal pronoun for the reflexive (like *him* for *himself*) is common in poetry. In the second passage the meaning is obviously that the "bosom" was "so full that feeling seemed almost unfelt"—which it would be an insult to any intelligent reader to paraphrase. That anybody should imagine "image" to be what was "full" would indicate that he was either "full," in the slang sense, or decidedly empty—of brains. The apostrophe to the ocean was analyzed and ridiculed in *Blackwood*, years ago, but the criticism was of that hypercritical sort by which the best of poetry may be proved absurd. In the passage cited by Mr. Lang, the poet says that it is the ocean that makes the wrecks on its waters; there are no traces of man's ravage there (which, of course, is not strictly true, when we take naval warfare into account) except his *own* ravage (or destruction), when, after a brief struggle to save himself, he sinks into its depths. "Remain," used for the rhyme, must be interpreted somewhat loosely (but not more so than poetic license allows), in the sense of "appear" or "is seen." The first "ravage" is objective (the ravage he causes), the second subjective (that which he suffers)—so that there is no absurdity in saying "not a shadow of his ravage except his ravage."

NEW YORK, March 12, 1894.

M. C.

London Letter

THE FINDING of the jury in the case brought by Mrs. Victoria Woodhull Martin against the Trustees of the British Museum has left the question in a very unsatisfactory state. They ruled that in including the "Beecher-Tilton Scandal" in their Library, the Trustees had published a libel, but unwittingly; that they had not been guilty of negligence, but that, at the same time, they had *not* exercised proper care in the discharge of their duties. To the common mind the last two clauses seem hopelessly irreconcilable, and I am told that the legal intellect is puzzled to boot. Now the case goes over for argument, and the end is not yet. I was in court on Monday, and heard the whole of Sir Richard Webster's speech on behalf of Mrs. Martin and her husband, and it was certainly a striking piece of pleading. To the outsider its chief interest lay in the fashion in which the ex-Attorney-General attacked the present holder of that office, Sir Charles Russell, for the manner in which he had conducted the case. Sir Richard Webster objected that his learned opponent, after expressly stating at the opening of the trial that he would treat the case from a legal point of view entirely—that he made no aspersions on Mrs. Martin's character, and was not, indeed, concerned with her antecedents,—had nevertheless subjected the lady to four hours of cross-examination upon her past life, with a view to holding her up to ridicule as a spiritualist, and suggesting all kinds of unpalatable motives for her various acts in matters altogether irrelevant to the case.

The Attorney-General, who sat next to Sir Richard Webster, was obviously annoyed by the violence of this attack, and it was entertaining to watch the expressions of the pair. If Sir Charles as much as moved an eyebrow, his opponent was upon him in an instant:—"I must beg my learned friend to spare us his smiles. Gentlemen of the jury, I will ask you to pay no attention to the ingenious by-play of the Attorney-General of England!" and so forth. Mrs. Martin sat with her husband in the front row, and listened with considerable pluck to extracts from the libellous volume, teeming with ungainly abuse. The court was packed and the reverend faces of the chief librarian and his colleagues looked

strangely out of place in the bustle of a court of justice. The light element during the afternoon was supplied by Mr. G. K. Fortescue, the superintendent of the reading-room, who had framed statistics to prove that, were every book bought by the Library read with a view to avoiding libel, a hundred and ten readers would have to be employed six days a week through the year. He was put through a searching cross-examination as to his figures, in connection with an invoice of books bought in a single month, and required to state which of these volumes he would select as likely to contain libel. It caused no little amusement when the first book chosen by him as suggestive proved to be an obituary tribute of respect to a citizen by the inhabitants of Louisville. "Probably teeming with libel," said Mr. Fortescue; and the same possibility occurred to him on finding "A History of the Samoan Islands," further down the list. But with the exception of Mr. Fortescue's pleantries, the day's proceedings were in deadly earnest, and Sir Richard Webster attempted something very much like an appeal *ad misericordiam*, when, in his peroration, he entreated the jury to vindicate the character of his client and to acknowledge thereby her right to move among "the brightest and purest in the land." Exactly how the case will end seems doubtful; meanwhile everybody sympathizes with the authorities of the Museum for having, in all good faith and rectitude, incurred the annoyance of litigation.

"A Yellow Aster" continues to be the book of the hour, and the author, Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, has, as I surmised, told her tale to the ready interviewer. That very much up-to-date journal, *The Sketch*, has been the paper to secure her history, and several interesting facts have been elicited. This, it seems, is Mrs. Caffyn's first published novel: she wrote another long before, but was discontented with it in the rough, and never submitted the manuscript to a publisher. Most of the characters are from life; but one—that of Mrs. Waring—she bought from a friend for half-a-crown. She and her friend used to exchange ideas, and occasionally to buy the better ones from one another, and in the ordinary course of their little business Mrs. Waring changed hands. Mrs. Caffyn is very severe on her work: when dictating the book to a typewriter, she cut out no fewer than 60,000 words, mostly passages of description. For the rest, we learn that she is the daughter of an Irishman—a man of learning,—that she never read novels till she was nineteen, and that she was trained for a nurse at St. Thomas's Hospital. Then she married her present husband, a medical man, for whose health it was necessary to live for some while in Australia. Now they are settled in Kensington, where she is very busy on her new novel, which may be expected to be finished in August.

Mr. Maarten Maartens, the courteous and popular Dutchman who writes such admirable English stories, has just finished his new novel. Hitherto his stories have always appeared serially in *Temple Bar*, but the new one is to run in the *Graphic* during 1895, and will then be issued in book-form by the Benthleys, who have, with one exception, I believe, been his English publishers throughout. When he visits England, which he does every year, Mr. Maartens, or, as he really is, Mr. J. M. W. van der Poorten Schwartz, generally stays with Mr. George Bentley, the head of the firm, at Upton Park, Slough, Bucks.

The publication of Wolcott Balestier's "Benefits Forgot," which has taken place this week, closes, as it were, the brief chapter of his literary history. The critics have not yet had time to speak of the volume, but, whatever the verdict of the analyst be, the story is certain to revolve many memories in the minds of those who watched it grow. The short stories, which were collected in "The Average Woman," were written during a period of extreme business strain and activity: they formed the *solatium* of his life, the cool oases in the desert of mercantile transaction. But "Benefits Forgot" was a long-cherished labor. It was all set up in type as early as the end of 1889, and its author was continually at work upon it, remodelling and elaborating. It seemed as though he found the one relief from continuous movement in the quiet company of characters he had created, and often, at the end of a hard day, we would find him at his desk in the lamplight, reading over, pen in hand, the latest revise from the printer's. Very few people saw these proof-sheets; a few particular friends, I believe, were allowed to read them, but for the most part he appeared to find pleasure in keeping the society of his characters to himself, as one appropriates the affection of a special friend. I think that he would not have greatly cared what criticism could say of them: they were too real and intimate with him for any questioning.

The writing of a strangely weird book is shortly to be undertaken by Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the author of "A Dead Man's Diary." It is to be called "Dead Faces," and part of its scheme is to introduce the reader to the death-beds of certain men of letters and affairs, to travel over the past life and give some foreshadowing of the future. It is difficult to imagine a more unearthly or less

fascinating subject, but in the hands of so accomplished a writer it is certain to assume individuality and effect. It cannot, however, be ready yet, as Mr. Kernahan has not finished writing his volume of essays, "Sorrow and Song," which is promised for the spring.

Mr. A. Conan Doyle, it is reported, is just bringing to a conclusion his new novel, which is to be entitled "The Stark Monro Letters." Some months ago he went into quiet at Davos Platz in order to work at the new book steadily, and the release from the hurry of London has had the most beneficial result, in permitting him to get the volume out of hand without delay. It is probable that Dr. Doyle will contrive to be back in England by the cricket season, as he is one of the heartiest supporters of the game in his suburb of Norwood. His name figures conspicuously in the sporting papers Saturday after Saturday during the summer months.

LONDON, 2 March, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

WE HAVE GOT entirely over the absurd little rumpus about the carved boys on the new Public Library, but our busy City Council is loath to allow peace to remain in the artistic life of Boston. Some time ago the diabolical Cogswell fountain was removed from the Common, and every one rejoiced. This week an attempt was made to carry off by force (that is to say, by legislative force) the statue of Leif Ericsson, now standing in the handsomest part of the city at the foot of Commonwealth Avenue, overlooking the new Back Bay Park; and on top of that another attempt was made to push out of the Public Garden the memorial statue to Col. Cass of the Ninth Regiment. In this latter movement general opinion holds that the Council is right, for the Cass statue was designed for a graveyard, and was cut by an Italian marble-cutter. Purchased for a few hundred dollars, it was offered to the city, and the city fathers of that day, fearing, for political reasons, the appearance of offering a slight to the Irish race in general, accepted this insignificant statue of a gallant and noble Irish commander. To show what artists think of it, I will simply quote the expressive words of William M. Paxton. With a Delartian gesture indicative of a severe headache as the result of the thought of this statue, he exclaimed:—"My heavens, man, don't mention it. What do I think they ought to do with it? It ought to be sunk in an ash barrel—no, not in any respectable ash barrel." There is no doubt but that the Cass statue will go, for every one admits that it is not a fitting ornament for the public position it now occupies.

But regarding the Leif Ericsson statue there is a difference of opinion. Alderman John Lee threw the biggest stone at the Norsemen, when he introduced an order to bundle the doughty little man of stone off to East Boston flats. As a reason for this, he said that he was tired of seeing that thing staring at him whenever he came in from Brighton. The real objection to the statue, apparently, lies in its lack of size. A number of artists think that it does not fully represent the bold Viking, inasmuch as it suggests neither strength nor reckless daring. In fact, one critic thought that it had the posture of a ballet dancer. But after the aldermen had passed an order to remove it, the Common Council refused to co-operate, and so the statue remains. Miss Anne Whitney, its designer, does not seem to be very much disturbed about the matter, and declares that, if her work will not bear the test of time and good judgment, it surely ought to be removed. And while she uttered these words, she added that she regretted greatly the bad taste and lack of appreciation of what is really artistic, which prompted an attack upon the ornaments of the Public Library building, a move which, she said, was made for the sake of a little cheap sensationalism.

Col. T. W. Higginson is delivering a new lecture of great interest as well as importance, since in it he describes his own personal experience as a leader in the famous Anthony Burns affair. Col. Higginson was one of the two men who battered in the Court House door in order to rescue the slave. They had arranged a meeting of abolitionists in Faneuil Hall on May 26, 1854, but only a few men knew of the plan for the rescue. Even Wendell Phillips was not told of the arrangement, and as a result he innocently worked against the accomplishment of the scheme. It had been arranged that Gen. John L. Swift, who is still living in Boston, was to cry out from the gallery that a mob of negroes was attacking the Court House, this cry being expected to lead the abolitionists out in force to Court Square, where Col. Higginson was waiting to direct them. As some of those on the platform did not understand the matter, they succeeded in stopping the rush by declaring that it was merely an attempt to break up the meeting. A few, indeed, came to Col. Higginson's side, but the latter and one gigantic companion were the only men to get inside the Court House. As an

illustration of the way in which the most conscientious men would perjure themselves in the cause of the slave, Col. Higginson told of one abolitionist who assisted the fugitive Shadrack to escape and then, for the sole purpose of securing a disagreement, succeeded in getting upon the jury that tried another of the rescuers. And he attained his end. "Even Theodore Parker justified such means," said Col. Higginson. He also stated that it was not known for thirty-four years that Batchelder had been shot in the Anthony Burns affair, but it was supposed that he had been killed by a knife or dagger. "Even I, who stood close by at the time the deed was committed," he continued, "supposed that Batchelder was stabbed, and thought that Lewis Hayden did it." It will be recalled by *Critic* readers that it was the widow of this Lewis Hayden who left her entire property recently to Harvard College, to establish a fund for poor colored students. "I never told Hayden of my suspicion," concluded Col. Higginson, "for I did not want to have him confess, even to me. When it came to the actual killing of a man, that was then regarded as a more serious matter than it is to-day." Had Faneuil Hall at that time possessed rear exits from the platform, as it does now, so that the abolitionists in that part of the Hall could quickly have reached the Square, there is no doubt but that Burns would have been rescued, for a judge who was then holding session in the Court House said that the surprise of the attack was so great, that twenty resolute men could have carried off the slave.

The opera season which has just been closed here has been a remarkable success. Of course the town went crazy over Calvé, but the nights of the other stars drew so well, that Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau cleared about \$40,000 in the two weeks. Their gross receipts were \$132,000, a sum far in excess of that taken in any previous engagement of similar length. 97,000 people attended during the two weeks. The profits were well earned by the management, for, without question, the treat afforded to Bostonians by the presence of this magnificent troupe was exceptional.

BOSTON, 13 March, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

ROBERT W. VONNOH, formerly of Boston and now at the head of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, is exhibiting at O'Brien's about forty of his paintings, four of them being portraits and the others landscapes. They show him to possess decided individuality in his way of looking at nature, as well as in his treatment of the subjects he selects. His touch is distinctly his own, too, though he has learned much from the impressionists and there is something of Monticelli in the way he dashes on his paint. His palette contains scarcely any white and no black, and his effects are produced largely by the use of primary colors in juxtaposition on the canvas. He employs greens, reds and violets with pronounced success in painting flesh, and the illusion produced, especially in the "Portrait of Miss T.," is remarkable. The figure seems to be detached from the background, which is rather cold, and stands out warm and living, so well is the color handled and so admirable the modelling of the flesh. It is a realistic portrait of a beautiful, fresh young girl, and the treatment accords with her youth and inexperience in being frank and joyous to a degree. This quality is characteristic of Mr. Vonnoh's portraits, and it is very effective where the subject is interesting, as in that already mentioned and in the "Portrait of Dr. Thompson," which is capital in its simplicity and its quiet but admirable scheme of color. It is only the "Viola," which was hung at the Exposition, that has also the charm of mystery. This is merely the head of a child, in white against a yellow background, but the arrangement is so artistic, the management of the light so skilful, and the characterization of the dreamy child so simple and exquisite, that it is a rare and notable portrait.

Nevertheless, it is in his landscapes that Mr. Vonnoh is most delightful. He is deeply interested in the study of light, but he confines himself to no one phase of it. He gives us twilight and mists, clouds and snow, as well as the sharp contrast of sunlight and shadow. His work is not superficial, for he reproduces the character, the atmosphere of a scene. He is one of the men who indicate the direction in which American art is advancing beyond the French. It is acquiring a finer perception of the significance of things, a warmer sympathy with life, a keener spirituality. Mr. Vonnoh has learned what he could from the impressionists, but he has learned more from nature itself, and he has never sacrificed his personal outlook. His work shows force and enthusiasm, and, more important still, it shows that he looks deeper than the surface of things and can interpret to us something more than their outward aspect. In the present collection color is the most striking quality, and some of these landscapes, like the brilliant little "Autumn Gold," fairly radiate light. The quality of the color, however, changes greatly in the different pictures, so that there is

no monotony in the rooms, as would be the case with many impressionists. The clear atmosphere of the field with the gay red poppies in the foreground; the duller light in "Gray Day, July," with its feathery white blossoms and the few purple trees high against the sky; the cold, gray quiet of "Winter"; and in another, the effect of sun and shade on snow; the half-mysterious charm of the tall iris on the bank of a river; the blues of "Sunlight-Shadow"; and the autumn grays of "November"—these are absolutely distinct in character one from another, and they are all delightful. A charming little New England landscape, "By the Sea," is so characteristic of America, with its low apple-trees, that it makes one wish that Mr. Vonnoh would turn his attention to his own country. It is men of his calibre that we need, to discover to us the beauty that is close at hand. This exhibition will be open until April, and has already attracted much attention.

The Black-and-White exhibition is also open in the rooms of the Chicago Society of Artists, and, though it contains little that is original, it is still an attractive show. Alice Kellogg's "Mother and Child" is much the best thing hung, so well is the charcoal handled, and so simple and lovely is the subject. There are some capital landscapes by Wendt and Svendsen, and some interesting sketches by Carl Marr, Rascovitch, Marsh, Guerin and Foerster. Holme sends a good portrait of the incomparable Duse, and Miss Hayden two charming little portrait sketches. Jones and Birren contribute attractive drawings of the Midway, and to Orson Lowell was awarded the Mead Prize for a clever sketch of a gambling incident in the far West. Ottman and Foerster received honorable mentions, the former for some decorative initials, and the latter for a well-executed portrait. Alexander Schilling of New York sent on four or five proofs of his beautiful etching after Tryon's "Twilight in Early Spring," a wonderfully sympathetic interpretation. He sent, also, several small original etchings of Dutch subjects, which are as delicate and exquisite as spring flowers.

Mr. John Fiske, the eminent historian, is in the city, and will deliver a course of six lectures, the first to be given this afternoon at Mrs. Potter Palmer's. His subjects are connected with early American history—Virginia in the seventeenth century; the Lord-Proprietors and their domains; Jacob Leisler and his times; the Witchcraft in Salem village; Charles Lee, the soldier of fortune; and Benedict Arnold. Mr. Fiske delivered a similar course a year ago, dealing then with some American statesmen, from Hamilton to Jackson. The lectures were very well attended and were most interesting. Mr. Fiske's manner in reading them being straightforward and simple, and well suited to the matter.

CHICAGO, 13 March, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

"Writings of Thomas Paine"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Your reviewer of Conway's "Writings of Thomas Paine," I presume, does not intend to be taken literally when he says, in reference to the "Age of Reason," that it, "as everybody knows by tradition, is a dangerous plea for atheism." It may be inferred that he meant to imply that "tradition" is the sole authority for such a conviction. But the perversion, through unscrupulous misrepresentation, of Paine's belief has been so vast and pervasive that there are great numbers of the public, considering themselves intelligent, who would be surprised to learn that Paine was an ardent Theist, and that he offered elaborate arguments to prove the existence of a wise and benevolent Creator; that he believed in the immortality of the soul, and a future state of reward and punishment. In summing up his ethical creed he says:—"I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and in endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy."

LEEDSVILLE, N. Y., March 10.

MYRON B. BENTON.

[The reviewer did not intend to be taken literally; he only meant to state in an inferential way what is put down at length and with emphasis in this communication.]

Amending the New York School System

THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED by Mayor Gilroy on May 2, 1893, for the purpose of drafting a bill for the remodeling of the public school system of New York City, finished its labors on March 10, and sent the bill it has framed to Albany. The committee consists of E. Ellery Anderson, Dr. Thomas Hunter, Stephen Henry Olin, David McClure and Oscar Straus, and the changes and modifications which it recommends are the outcome of constant communication with experts in educational matters. Among the provisions of the new bill are a redivision of the city into twenty "school divisions," each to contain, as near as possible, 100,000 inhabitants; the appointment over each division of a superintendent, whose duty it shall be to give all his attention to the schools in his district,

these superintendents, together with a superintendent-in-chief, to form an Advisory Board to the Board of Education. The duties of this Advisory Board will include the nomination of teachers, to be confirmed by the Board of Education. Other changes will be the subdivision of each division into school districts, each containing three schools, and the creation in each district of a Board of Trustees consisting of three members, elected by the Board of Education for a period of three years. The duties of these trustees—whose office will be an honorary one—will consist of visits to the schools under their care, and supervision of their work. The important changes in regard to the Board of Education itself include, besides the delegation of the nominating of teachers to the Board of Superintendents, a rule requiring sixteen votes out of twenty-one in the Board for the dismissal of a teacher, as against a majority under the present law. The bill marks a long stride in the right direction, and does away with many of the shortcomings of the present system of public education in this city.

Socrates's Hemlock

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In *The Cosmopolitan* for March is this quatrain on "The Hemlock," by Clinton Scollard:—

"Dark are the shadows that my branches throw,
And when they murmur in the sunset breeze
It seems as though the lips of long ago
Breathed the last sigh of dying Socrates."

A dainty conceit; but the dark-shadowed hemlock that Mr. Scollard has in mind has no morbid ancestral memories of the tragedy of the Phædo. The *contum maculatum*, a cousin-german to parsnip, celery, carrots and other vulgar herbs, is said to be the poison that was bruised for Socrates "when the ship returned from Delos."

MAMARONECK, N. Y., March 3, 1894. WM. SAM. JOHNSON.

Mme. Blaze de Bury

[Paris Correspondence London Times]

I REGRET to have to announce the death of Mme. Blaze de Bury, the widow of the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, whose chief work was a translation of "Faust," prefaced by a remarkable study of the poem. Mme. Blaze de Bury was for years the head of a salon, where met the most distinguished men and women of her time. Speaking and writing English, French and German with equal facility, her extraordinary gift of intelligent curiosity, in the fine Greek sense of the word, her astonishing faculty of assimilation and great talent as a conversationalist brought her at a very early stage into relations with most of the leading statesmen of Europe, and, indeed, with almost all the dominant spirits of the last half-century.

She was in correspondence during the larger part of this time, and even up to the day of her death, with such men as Bismarck, Crispi, ambassadors of all the European countries and even of the United States, who valued her intelligent appreciation of events, and were as frequently astonished by the depth and accuracy of her historical learning as by the wonderful amount of anecdotic lore of the most interesting order which she had stored up. So rich was this wealth of material that at times it became almost oppressive in its abundance, but it was at the disposal of all who knew her well, and was dispensed with a generosity which attested her magnanimity. With all this she was nothing of the blue-stocking or pedant. Of late, although many of her old friends had died—she was the devoted friend, for instance, of the historian, Kinglake, who treated her with reciprocal esteem—she had in no way lost the enthusiasm of curiosity, which was the mark of her temperament. She entered heart and soul into the chief moral and intellectual movements of her time, and it was touching to-day at her funeral to see the large company of young men of well-known names who counted themselves her admirers.

The movement which owes so much to the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, and is now being propagated by the Protestant Pastor Wagner and M. Desjardins, owed much to her. The fruits of her long observation of European affairs, especially of her study of France, were from time to time shown to the world in articles, usually unsigned, in *Blackwood's*, and earlier in her career in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. These essays, if they were collected, would be found of unexpected value. It is impossible in this brief space to convey any satisfactory impression of the great qualities, the curiously varied acquirements, or the endowments of the highest order which distinguished her from the women of heart and intellect of her generation. This impression has yet to be properly interpreted. She was the daughter of William Stuart, an officer in the English army, and of an Edinburgh lady, Miss Campbell. Her maiden name was Marie Pauline Rose Stuart, and she was born at Ohan, being at the time of her death eighty years of age. At the funeral

service * * * were seen, among many distinguished men and women, the Vicomte de Vogüé and Lord and Lady Dufferin. She leaves two daughters, one of whom is Yetta Blaze de Bury, the critic of and *conférencier* on Shakespeare.

Notes

THE NAME of the author of "The Story of Margrédel" was withheld during the running of the serial through the pages of *Blackwood's* and from the title-page of the book. It is now announced to be David Storrar Meldrum.

—The Master of Balliol, Oxford, sends us the following note: "The Master and Fellows of Balliol College, as the legal representatives of the late Prof. Jowett, have requested Mr. Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of the College, to be responsible for the preparation of the Biography of the late Master, with whom he had been in especially close intercourse for the last twenty years. Mr. Abbott will have the valuable assistance of Prof. Lewis Campbell, and also of Lord Bowen, Visitor of the College. Old friends and pupils of the Master who are able to communicate any letters or other matters of biographical interest, are invited to send particulars of them forthwith to Mr. Abbott, at Balliol College."

—D. Appleton & Co.'s spring announcements (received too late for classification on page 185) include the "Memoirs of the Baron de Meneval, Private Secretary of Napoleon I.," with portraits; "The History of the United States Navy," by Edgar Stanton Maclay, Vol. II.; "The Life of Edward L. Youmans," by John Fiske; "Smith's Classical Dictionary," revised; "General Washington," in the Great Commanders Series, by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson; "A Daughter of To-day," a novel, by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan); "Cleopatra," a romance, by Dr. Georg Ebers; "Creatures of Other Days," by the Rev. Dr. H. N. Hutchinson; "Symbolic Education," by Susan E. Blow; "Aphorisms from Herbert Spencer," by Julia R. Gingell; "Aerial Navigation," by J. G. W. Fijnje, translated and revised by Col. George E. Waring, Jr.; "Evolution of the Public School System in Massachusetts," by G. F. Martin; a new novel, by E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo"; "The Trespasser," by Gilbert Parker; "Red Diamonds," by Justin McCarthy; "Outlaw and Lawmaker," by Mrs. Campbell-Præd; "Dust and Laurels," by Mary F. Prenderel; "A Beginner," by Rhoda Broughton; "A Yellow Aster," by Iota; and "The Trail of the Sword," by Gilbert Parker.

—Miss Mildred Howells, daughter of the novelist, has a talent for drawing, which was first exhibited to the public several years ago in a collection of child's verses and sketches. An example of her recent and more serious work will be given in the April *Harper's*, for which she has made a head-piece illustrating a poem by her father.

—Mr. H. C. Bunner will write of "The Bowery and Bohemia" in the April *Scribner's*, which will contain, also, a dramatic story by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, "The Burial of the Guns."

—Mr. Yates Thompson's offer of 38,000*l.* for the building of an annex to Westminster Abbey has not been received with much enthusiasm. There is no more room in the Abbey for monuments, or even for memorials, as was already stated by the Royal Commission of 1891, which recommended, also, the building of an addition to the Abbey to provide the needed space. Two schemes were drawn up, but the Commission divided on their merits, and since then the question has languished. The first plan provides for the pulling down of four houses in Old Palace Yard, and the erection of the chapel on their site; the second proposes the space where the Abbey refectory once stood, south of the great cloister and on a line with the nave. The latter plan seems the better, because the addition would be practically invisible from the outside. One of the conditions attached to Mr. Thompson's gift, however, would be the adoption of the Old Palace Yard plan, which requires the building of a cloister leading from Poet's Corner to the Chapel. The English public has learned to distrust its modern architects, whose attempts at "restoration" it has witnessed ere now, and prefers to run no risks in making additions to the glorious Abbey. Mr. Thompson, through his marriage with the daughter of Mr. George Murray Smith, of Smith & Elder, added to his inherited wealth, and became the owner of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, which he sold to Mr. Astor.

—"The Realistic and Romantic Schools in Literature" was the subject discussed at the meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club on March 13. Among the Speakers were Hamlin Garland, George W. Cable and Hamilton W. Mabie.

—A life of the late Lucy Larcom is being prepared by the Rev. Dulaney Addison of Beverly, Mass., who asks for the loan of letters in possession of her friends that may be helpful to him.

—Montaigne's bedroom, library and chapel can still be seen in Périgord, much in the condition they were in when he wrote his

essays. They are situated in a tower of his ancestral country-seat, the chapel being on the ground floor, the bedchamber above it, and the library at the top. In the last-named room, which, like the sleeping apartment, is circular in shape, numerous lecterns were placed; now it is bare, with the exception of an unreliable armchair of which no one knows the origin or history. But upon the numerous beams supporting the ceiling can still be read the fifty-four inscriptions, taken from the Bible as well as from the pagan classics, which he painted there with his own hands. A spiral staircase and a private passage enabled the great essayist to reach his chapel and attend mass unseen, an eccentricity which he shared with Louis XI.

—March 11 was the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Torquato Tasso. The day seems to have passed unnoticed, even in Sorrento, his birthplace.

—Among the works sold and the prices paid at Bangs & Co.'s sale of foreign books on March 7, were a complete set of *Punch* to Dec., 1890, inclusive, \$93.10; *The Quarterly Review*, 1809-51, \$17.60; a copy of the first edition of "Vanity Fair," \$9, and one of "Henry Esmond," \$7.50; and a series of forty-one illustrations in colors to "Contes de Barbe-Bleu et la Belle au Bois Dormant," \$20.

—Mr. Marion Crawford has written a new novel, to be published in the *Lady's Pictorial* during the latter half of this year.

—Mr. Philip D. Armour has given \$500,000 to the public school department of San Francisco for the establishment of a manual training-school for boys. The school is intended as a memorial of Mr. Armour's pioneer days in California, when he laid the foundations of his commercial prosperity.

—Mr. W. W. Astor writes of "The Romance of Cliveden" (the country-seat he has recently bought from the Duke of Westminster) in the March number of his *Pall Mall Magazine*.

—Mrs. Clermont, the "George Egerton" whose "Key-notes" have made her prominent in the ever-increasing army of introspective lady novelists, is, says the London *Literary World*, a small, slight woman who looks somewhere in the thirties. With dark hair, darkish eyes and rather aquiline features, she has very much the alert, amused expression which distinguishes clever Japanese. She is a very bright, clever-looking woman, and the effect is, if anything, heightened by her double glasses. "Key-notes" has been published in this country by Roberts Bros.

—The great popularity of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is reflected in the sale of the entire first English edition of Mr. Hardy's latest book, "Life's Little Ironies," in advance of publication. Harper & Bros. will publish the American edition.

—Basque is a language without a literature. One of the few books published in it is a translation of the "authorized version" of the Bible, the translator of which was the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte. But now it appears that the Basques do not understand the dialect which the Prince made use of. This incident bears out Voltaire's saying:—"The Basques say they understand each other, but I don't believe them."

—The rumor that Mr. Gladstone intended to learn the Basque tongue while at Biarritz was invented by *Figaro*. He brushed up his knowledge of French, for the sake of its literature, when quite an old man, and made his first speech in that language when eighty-two years old. It was an extemporaneous after-dinner effort, and, according to an eye-witness, "where strain most showed itself was on the speaker's face, the brow being knit and the nostrils compressed. He made the same evening another speech in English. During its delivery the countenance took a quite different expression because he was speaking in a familiar language."

—Miss Margot Tennant, the original of whatever is clever or admirable in "Dodo," is to wed Mr. Asquith, the British Home Secretary, who, like herself, belongs to the coterie of "Souls" of which Mr. Balfour is a shining and still unmarried member.

—The March *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* contains an article on Francis Parkman, by James Schouler, '59; a paper on Frank Boiles, by W. R. Thayer, '81; and two articles on sport: "How to Reform Football," by L. F. Deland; and "The Abuses of Training," by J. R. Finlay. A summary of President Eliot's twenty-fourth annual report for the academic year, ending Sept. 28, 1893, deals broadly and strongly with the subject of college athletics. The number contains portraits of Prof. Parkman and the late Mr. Boiles.

—The rumor that the publication of the English Library has been discontinued is officially contradicted in London. The Library, as is well known, was started by the late Wolcott Balestier and Mr. Heinemann, on the lines that have made the Tauchnitz publications so deservedly successful.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet, is trying his hand at a long novel—an attempt which seems to have an irresistible attraction for modern writers of verse.

—Referring to the report in these columns of the recent robbery of Whittier's old home, the London *Literary World* has this somewhat belated fling at the American publishers:—"It was hardly to be expected that thieves would respect the former residence of a dead poet, and we hope these rogues may be caught and punished. But many English poets have suffered worse treatment at the hands of American thieves of quite a different rank in society, who would, moreover, be very much shocked to hear themselves so designated."

—Mr. David Christie Murray is engaged on a series of detective stories, which will be published in *The Woman at Home*, in which paper will also appear "A Drop of Blood," a short story by Maarten Maartens.

—"It is a common error," writes M. C., "to write and speak of 'Lord Bacon,' and yet no person with that title lived in the reign either of Queen Elizabeth or James I. Francis Bacon was born Jan. 22, 1560-1; he was knighted by James I., July 23, 1603, and was respectively Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Member of the Privy Council. March 3, 1616-7, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere resigned the Great Seal, and on the 7th of the same month the King delivered it in the hands of Bacon, and Chamberlain tells how he went in much state 'riding in pomp' to Westminster; but it was not till Jan. 4, 1617-18, that he became Lord Chancellor, and on July 11 of the same year he was raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Verulam. Between those dates he was known as Sir Francis Bacon, Kt., Lord-Keeper. On Jan. 27, 1620-1, he became Viscount St. Albans. The first edition of Bacon's Essays is entered in the books of the Stationer's Company Feb. 5, 1596, as 'a booke intituled Essaies, Religious meditations by Mr. Fr. Bacon.' The title of the second edition (1612) is: 'The Essaies of Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, the Kings Soliciter Generall.' The third and last author's edition was published in 1625, the year before Bacon's death; the title-page has: 'The Essayes or Covnsels, Civill and Morall of Francis, Lo. Vervlam, Viscount St. Alban.' While on this subject, I may add that in an editorial in the *Tribune* of March 4 there is an odd slip in the following sentence:—"Mr. Gladstone recalls that other great commoner, Chatham. He taught George II. and all the other great legislators of his time," etc. Now, there never was a 'great commoner' by the name of Chatham in the reign of George II. or George III. The Great Commoner was William Pitt, the elder, and he laid down this title in 1766, when he accepted the Earldom of Chatham, by reason of no vulgar ambition but on account of failing health."

—The *Literary Northwest* has been merged in the promising new magazine, *The Midland Monthly* of Des Moines, Iowa.

—A monument is to be erected at Vitre, in Brittany, to the memory of Mme. de Sévigné, who, by the way, was not born in Paris, as is currently believed and even officially stated on a house in the Place des Vosges, but in Bourbilly, a village in Burgundy. Mme. de Sévigné wrote a great part of her famous letters at Les Rochers, a small *château* in the immediate neighborhood of Vitre.

—M. Zola's novel, "Lourdes," will be published serially in the New York *Herald*, beginning on April 15 and running through the Sunday issues of three months.

—It is announced that Mr. Kipling will not give a series of readings from his own writings. He holds evidently that his health and literary power are worth more than the fortune that awaits him in the lecture field. Another vague and probably baseless rumor has it that he intends to establish a new periodical in England.

—Macmillan & Co. will publish cheap editions of Marion Crawford's "Saracinesca," "Sant'Illario" and "Don Orsino." The edition of the first will consist of 100,000 copies.

—Mr. Edgar W. Nye, better known as "Bill Nye," will leave the lecture platform in April, well satisfied with his gains but very tired of the continued travel and hard work. He has decided to devote himself entirely to writing hereafter, and will stay at his North Carolina home.

—George Meredith, unlike Anthony Trollope, can write only when he feels like it. He requires absolute quiet and solitude, and does all his work in a *châlet* near his house.

—In the sonnet from Mr. Crandall's "Wayside Music," quoted in our issue of March 10, the word "free" should have been "tell":—

"Deep glens and ivied walls where daylight dies
Tell of Romance."

—The *Fourth Estate* is a weekly "Newspaper for the Makers of Newspapers." The first number, dated New York, March 1, contains sketches, with illustrations and portraits, of several prominent newspapers and their editors, and a good deal of news of interest to newspaper men.

—The late Edward Schubart of Frankfurt left a library including 194 editions of works by Paracelsus, besides 548 works relating to him. The library is for sale, but only as a whole. The British Museum has eighty editions of the famous physician's works.

—M. C. writes to us as follows:—"In your notice of Vol. XIV. of Washington's Writings (March 3), I read:—"In those final years the *promise of another war with England* at last called him from retirement." (Italics mine). The outrages and insults of the French Directory towards the United States in 1797, and the failure of the mission of the three Envoys Extraordinary (for Marshall and Gerry had been joined with Pinckney) to bring about a peaceful issue of the points in contest, caused President Adams to summon Congress and recommend instant preparation for war. A bill was passed, authorizing an enlistment of 10,000 men, and on July 3, '98 Washington was confirmed by the Senate as Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States, with the rank of Lieutenant-General. One of the alleged grievances of France against the United States was that the treaty with Great Britain (1796, Jay's) was injurious to the interests of France. In the event of a war, the United States would have been an ally of Great Britain, the great coalition against France having been just formed."

—Prof. Ludwig August Frankl, the Austrian poet, died in Vienna on March 11. He was born in Bohemia eighty-four years ago.

—The second part of "Our Navy, its Growth and Achievements" will be published early in the summer; the third and last part, some time in the fall. The text of the entire work is from the pen of Lieut. J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N., and the illustrations are from water-colors by Mr. Fred. S. Cozzens.

—In the course of a lecture on "Educational Interests and Library Extension in New York State" before the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, Melvil Dewey, Secretary of the State Board of Regents, made the following remarks, recently:—"The modern notion of the library is a place for serious reading and study, and not a mere reservoir for books. The modern library spirit is to use books and wear them out by use, instead of preserving them. The library must select, supply and interest. * * * The librarian must select for the readers the things that to them are most useful. After the best books have been selected for a library they must be made free to the public. A fee, no matter how small, keeps many people from reading. After the books are free to the people they must

be guided in the choice of what they shall read, and how to be interested in the books they read. * * * The great trouble with our school system in many places is that it does not teach our children how to read. * * * A boy or girl with an enthusiasm for reading is well equipped for life." Mr. Dewey also traced the growth of public school libraries in the State and ended by speaking of what the State Board of Regents was doing for its library interests in the school districts. The demand for trained librarians was steadily increasing, and the Library School at Albany could not turn out enough to supply it. Mr. Dewey described the methods pursued in library extension through the State, and the traveling library system.

—Pierre Loti has started on his journey to the Holy Land, which he is going to illustrate with his own pencil as well as write up with his own pen. Major Serpa Pinto is Capt. Viaud's companion on this inland voyage.

—Mr. G. W. Smalley suggests in the *Tribune* that American and English publishers adopt the French custom of printing second, third, fourth *thousand* on their books, instead of *edition*, which is vague and may mean anything, from 300 copies to 1000. "Then we know where we are," he says, "and a pretty accurate test of the popularity and commercial success of the book is supplied."

—According to *The Westminster Review*, "Daudet's study is severe in its simplicity, the furniture the scantiest and the plainest. That of Dumas has a few pictures on the wall, small panel pictures, and on his table a female Sphinx in bronze. Coppée, the poet, has his books in extraordinary disorder, and his appliances for tobacco abundant and well filled. Pierre Loti has his workshop fitted up like an Eastern bazaar; Goncourt's is rich in curious books and bindings; Sardou's is absolutely plain and very untidy; Zola's crammed with bric-à-brac; Massenet's austere and empty—a note-book, a thermometer and a water-bottle; Meilhac's crowded with books, reviews and journals, and by the hearthrug two arm-chairs, one for the master of the house, the other for his friend and collaborator Halévy, both of a size and impartially comfortable."

—The ninth volume of Mr. Gladstone's speeches has appeared. It covers the period 1886-8, and contains eighteen speeches, of which twelve on Home Rule. Vols. I. to VII. will follow at regular intervals, the system followed being that of working backward from Mr. Gladstone's last to his first public speech.

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